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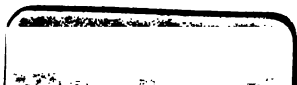


OFFERINGS TO
FRIENDSHIP AND TRUTH
BY WALTER J. MILLER





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OFFERINGS
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FRIENDSHIP AND TRUTH.

BY
WALTER J. MILLER.



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CONTENTS.

Certificates	9—18
Long Preachers	18
A Friend	19, 20
The Morning Star	21, 22
Soliloquy	23—25
Night	25
Loving Voice	26, 27
Love	27
To the Swallow in Early Spring	28, 29
Trust	29, 30
Conceit	31
A Dorcas Meeting	32, 33
Happiness	34, 35
To a Young Man on leaving School	36, 37
Despotism	38
The Captive Bird	39, 40
Obsequiousness	40
To Satan	41
Christ's Second Coming	42, 43
The Sceptic and the Christian	43, 44
Insensibility	44—46
Spring	46—48
The Old Church	49—77
What is The Church?	77—79
Lowly Joys	79, 80

Children by the Sea-side	81—83
To Children	83—85
A Child's Hymn	86
Walter's Birthday	87—89
Wilt Thou?	89, 90
Harvest Thanksgiving Hymn	91, 92
Weepers	92, 93
Human Fraternity	94
Prayer of a Solitary Spirit	95, 96
This is The First Resurrection	97—99
Spirits at Night	100, 101
Submission in Affliction	101
After my Sister's Death	102, 103
Early Death	104
The Glory of God	105
He weeps too much, &c.	106
To a Fly Drowning in Cider	107
The Christmas Tree	108
A Christmas Song	106
The Look of Despair	110
Dependence on God	110
Time	111, 112
Stanza	112
London	113—118
The Sceptic	119—120
Love not the World	120—12
The Death of Prince Consort	123, 124
On my Wife's Recovery from Alarming Sickness	125, 126
Hypocrisy in Friendship	127
To a Friend at Parting	128—130
Ode to my Native River	130, 131
The Times	132—148
Dead	149



PREFACE

Many of these Poems having been intended only for the Author's family circle, to whom they are affectionately dedicated, their appearance here among the others will be kindly excused by the public reader.

W. J. M.

June, 1877.

CERTIFICATES.

My vision was the Paradise of God ;—
The King was there, and all His angel court,—
The Patriarchs round and Saints of every age,—
And a vast multitude in priestly robes,
Pure worshippers before The Glorious King,
And having offerings of all varied climes—
And having languages of every name—
Yet unconfused in the same voice of praise :
All joyous there and one communion all,
Encircling with sweet songs The Tree of Life.

Now to this Paradise came evermore
Fast hasting spirits from the scenes of earth—
And everyone bore some certificate,
Which, handed in at the celestial gate,
Might gain him entrance and a seat in bliss.

And first a Pope, just then deceased, I saw,—
One of the Pius race and Innocents,
Whose latest breath anathemas had stopped
And sent him vengeful to The Gate of Life,
Certificated thus :—“ Infallible.”

Amazed he found no intercessor there—
 Peter nor Mary, nor yet saint he saw,—
 Unrobed, unheeded soul, before The Judge.
 The King said, “Nay;—not such as thou art wont
 To be with me in Paradise, but, lo!
 The Thief full penitent and erring souls
 Washed in my blood, and carrying my cross,
 Meek followers,—these walk with me in white.
 But thou, O Son of Lucifer, depart
 To thy own children and thy proper place,
 Deceiving and deceived together cursed.”

 Behind his shadowy spirit there had hid,
 All safely nestled in the Papal folds,
 A ducal soul, his passport was—The Pope.
 But O, the ruin of that coronet!
 In one sad fall to darkness both went down.

Then came a little child, a very child,
 Singing Heav'n's own sweet song with native voice—
 It was such loveliness it might have passed
 The crystal gate unchallenged, but The King
 Bade stay, and kissed it.—Said the child,—“O King,
 My mother dwells within, and oft she said
 It was a palace for such ones as me,
 And bade me this present at these bright gates.”—
 ‘Twas a certificate indeed for heaven,—
 Faith sealed the scrip the dying mother wrote,
 “Thou said'st ‘Let the little ones come to me.’”

II

And in His arms He bore the child within,
A lesser angel to its mother's side.

Then there appeared a motley host of souls,—
Strangely oblivious of all wranglings past—
From churches and cathedrals numerous,
Conventicles with steeples and without :
All fringed with trappings of their fine degrees,
And well invested with approved renown,
Pastors and churches too had signed the scrip,
And thus their clear certificate was read,—
“ The Office-bearers of the Christian world.”
They saw the Patriarchs and the Saints inside
And wept—they could not enter there;—they saw
The King, and O, He knew them not;—“ Lord, Lord,”
Their wailing rose,—and still He knew them not.

A little city on the earth that hour
Kept holiday—a famous man of wealth
Was glorified—and lo, there met to praise
Both God and him, a goodly multitude
By choir and clergy and by Bishop led.—
How good was he ! what heart of love for man !
The poor shall bless him and the church adore !
That moment there the golden bowl was broke,
The silver chord was loosed—his spirit gone !—
And that day's fame was his certificate—
“ Built Church and Hospital, and both endowed.”

The "Eyes of Flame" the scrip searched o'er and o'er,
 Had there been only seen "For Thy Name's sake,
 Thine only sake, my Saviour and my God,"
 The Kingly welcome would have rung "well done ;"
 But now 'twas nothing worth—the motive nought.—
 Aghast his spirit stood.—"Who hath required
 This at your hands" the voice of God had said.—
 O that surprise—that woe—that agony !!
 He left the gate, and Paradise was lost.

A feeble man stood by his cottage door,
 And looking up seemed talking with a friend,
 That friend was God ;—it was a holy sight ;
 And Heaven and Earth were one at that sweet spot.
 Just then inside, with love's affinity,
 The partner of his toilsome years sang praise,
 Reading the sacred words "to be with Christ ;"
 An angel touched her soul and bade it come,—
 For ev'n to The Father's house already
 Had arrived, his spirit she so loved ;—
 She knew it not—yet not divided they
 In death—not longer left behind than trail
 Of shooting star in the night-sky—or voice
 Of music passing on the swiftest wind.
 The King's most tender eyes beheld the pair—
 They were themselves their blest certificate,
 Read thus.—"Thine only, Lord—yea, wholly thine,
 Our Shepherd, Friend, our Prophet, Priest, and King ;

And Thou to us our all in all hast been."—
 They bore His Royal Mandate swift within,
 To be with Princes there in Paradise.

Another came, and O, the fearful fruits
 Of being deceived in issues such as these,
 Henceforth to live or die,—Heaven or Hell
 Fixed in the short moment of this earthly time,
 And all unchanged for ever, evermore !—
 This spirit had been goodly in its life,
 As men count goodliness,—'t would wear the Crown
 And yet not bear the Cross—'t would have the feast
 Without the robe—and Heaven without the life,
 The Spirit life eternal now within ;
 And yet at last the well-approved device,
 Was on the frontlet of his soul imposed,—
 Close to the bedside solemn grief t'was done
 Most orderly,—by weeping friends affirmed,—
 For duly came the full-appointed priest
 And comfortably the Sacrament he gave—
 And bade him rest on that last act of grace.
 Dark superstition all his senses stole
 And took the awful sign in solemn charge,
 The faithless spirit's sure certificate,
 And at The Gate of Life I saw him stand :—
 Fain had he hid that mocking passport then
 And sought his priest to answer for his soul,
 And share his fearful shame,—too late—too late !

Speechless he saw the King's affronted gaze ;
 And, driven from His Presence, heard the curse—
 " I was thy Priest, thy Sacrifice, thy Life ;
 Thou gavest a worm my glory and with him
 Go thou and learn the jealous wrath of God."

Swift as the meteor's bright surprise then came,
 More as in flame of glory than in light
 Cold and beautiful, a spirit like none else ;
 The moment of its flight from earth was writ in Heav'n,
 Blood-marked in the rich calendar of saints,—
 But on the soil where men and devils met
 And called it zeal for God to kill His saint,
 Th' unwashed blood in fearful mystery spake—
 The ashes bred ten thousand ghostly sights—
 And the rank air was death.
 From chains and dungeons freed—how glad his soul !
 By martyr fire released—how swift it flew !
 And now at Heaven's gate—how welcome there !
 No pause—no word—and no certificate !
 There had gone up, swifter than spirit's flight,
 This attestation to The Glorious King—
 " Resisted unto blood "—it was enough :—
 He saw the saint,—this travail of His soul,
 So satisfied, was precious to the Lord,—
 And in his hand, as sceptre, there He fixed
 The palm—and on him placed his crown,—**" Faithful
 To death,"**—he wore the Crown of life.

Last I beheld an anxious multitude —
 A silent crowd—a concourse unconfused,—
 Intense—expectant—and in solemn state.
 Of essence like and lineaments the same ;
 But 'mid the shadowy portent that like cloud
 Wrapped in this galaxy of souls, was seen
 A frequent light-gem, as of ruby rare,
 Set on the frontlet of some seraph-soul,
 That had already caught the wondrous light
 Of Him, "like Jasper and like Sardine stone"
 Within, and shone reflective there—and some
 Of other magnitudes like light of stars—
 But all were dark beside, unlighted souls.
 These were Gods servants named and summoned now
 For their account of gains and losses too—
 Rare privilege of time and trust and truth—
 By their profession theirs, or true or false.

And then appeared The Presence of The King :—
 That moment every spirit stood alone—uncloked,—
 No one the other helped—no darkness hid,—
 The true was true—the false was false indeed.
 And ere the judgment of "the fire" was brought
 The gold and silver and rare stones to prove—
 And wood and hay and stubble to consume,
 Thence issuing the souls but scarcely saved—
 The King with solemn scrutiny bade say,
 Who bore The Seal Approved and Holy Call
 In His Great Name to minister and speak,

As once of old the Blessed Seventy bore;—
 Then these without that call and needing much
 Such warrant then—gave, speechless, to the Lord
 Their poor certificates,—amazed at last :—
 And thus they read—read in the light of God,
 Read in their souls but unpronounced in words :—

“ THE Church’s Priest,—by holy conclave and
 St. Peter’s Chair approved.”

“ A Protestant,—most full of burning zeal
 In righteous warfare ’gainst The Man of Sin.”

“ Ordained to high degree within our church,
 “ Successor Apostolic ”—to lay hands
 By holy right upon her faithful sons.”

“ Faithful to preach damnation to all else
 Unfaithful, not within our fold. ”

“ A Minister by all the people chose
 And well-approved by pleasant speech and gifts,
 And ne’er offending nor by faith nor zeal. ”

“ Born Cure of souls by right of heritage,
 And thence for forty years the Parish Priest. ”

“ Good Nonconformist, and avowing hate
 Of Church Established and all ritual,—
 Most bountiful in speech. ”

Alas ! and many more that medley sad
 Made up, of every ministry and creed—

All human slaves and shaped to human ends,
 Not serving with obedient love their Lord.
 Then as a breath the blast of judgment swept
 Delusions all away—yea, every scrip—
 And to The Paradise of blessed rest
 And service endless, not one entered in.—
 To outer darkness thence and restless woe
 The long procession went—Alas, Alas!!
 But O the word—the welcome, welcome word
 “Well done”—(They heard it—and then bore away
 The precious sound for their Eternal Wail,—)
 “Well done, ye true and faithful servants, come ;
 And as with differing talents ye were left,
 Yield now your charge, and lo, my just reward
 Is with me, as your work shall be.”

Then in review these holy servants passed,—
 Those that had taught the little ones of Heaven,
 Had fed the needy Church of God or bore
 The Bread of Life to starving spirits round,
 And by their life their burning words explained—
 Weeping with those that wept and still as much
 Rejoiced in every joy that other servant had—
 Of every church of every name were these,
 Or bearing useless dignities or not,—
 This only had The Loving Shepherd said,
 “Lovest thou me?” and they had answered—Yes.

The gem-lights of these Christly souls were set
 Of varied lustres in the Kingly Crown,—
 And there in Paradise, “ as it had been slain,”
 Lo ! The Blest Lamb and on Him many crowns ;
 For King of Kings and Lord of Lords is He ;—
 But this, the gem-crown of His precious saints,
 Lone, lustrous, over all He wore, and with
 Eternal love, the trophied emblem bound.

LONG PREACHERS.

They're everywhere, everywhere withering souls,
 Everywhere wasting The Good Shepherd's folds,—
 These dread undertakers for age and youth,
 And mockers official of God's living truth.

They've buried His Oracles under their own,
 And give us *their sermons* laid out on cold stone,—
 Too long to be measured by sensible time,
 We grow older so fast 'neath their merciless chime.

Oh do they not know how they rob the soul's need,
 That longs for the living fire lit up with speed,
 And when it has felt the touch that's Divine,
 Abhors to be smothered with line upon line.

A FRIEND.

A friend ! O echo for the skies ! below
 Is there such name, such joy for man to know ?
 'Mid barren tracts, by happier steps untrod,
 Dwells there a being still so like his God ?
 Child of His grace, disciple of His Son—
 And now a friend of Him, The Holy One ;
 Whose lips ne'er utter but his soul's intent—
 In good delighting and on virtue bent—
 Who loves thee most that thou too art divine,
 With soul like his where heavenly graces shine—
 Not for thy gay attire or golden fame,
 In every state a friend and still the same ;—
 Whose careful eye observes the pilgrim's way,
 And Heavenward turns the erring feet that stray—
 Who lends to sorrow what her voice demands,
 A brother's feeling and a brother's hands :—
 If such there be—list, sun and planets, list !
 Say, is he mortal ? shall his memory rest
 In darkness and oblivion ? No—the sea

Shall know its shrinking, and the tree
Throw off its garments,—but his latest breath
Shall thrive and flourish in the midst of death,—
Heaven shall repose the spirit that has fled,
And sad creation watch his peaceful bed.
Yet not to him shall the first honors fall,
But Him supreme who gives and governs all.—
Shall the rich grain that waves its hundred-fold,
Gives life to man and buys the power of gold,
Assume to honour and invoke thy meed?
Or he whose hand bestrewed the golden seed?
So from above that Inspiration springs
That giv'n to hearts the golden harvest brings.

THE MORNING STAR.

When in the still and heavy gloom of night,
 Creation's slumber wrapped in Ebon far,—
 One glimmer breaks with dawning beam of light,
 In yonder East, behold The Morning Star.

As plumes the herald King his glittering crest,
 O'er stretching plains to lead the hosts of war—
 See, ere the skies the Phœbian chariot press,
 The heavenly herald comes, The Morning Star.

Sweet o'er the hills the glimmering lustre beams,
 No lingering flash the heavenward lark shall bar;
 But, happy bird! twill mount when'er it sings,
 And sing where'er it mounts, The Morning Star.

But man, the mandate O how slow to learn!
 From sluggish couch to rise where spirits are;—
 Ah should he once that golden leaf o'er turn,
 How sweet to his new day—life's Morning Star!

When long in gloom of silent night I've wept,
 Or pressed in heavy sleep my sorrow there,—
 The first kind beam that in my chamber crept,
 Has ever been my Heaven's sweet Morning Star.

And if in musing mood I've early strayed
 To taste serener joys ere day should mar,
 Some heavenly gleam illumed the glimmering shade,
 And whisper said, I am thy Morning Star.

And should the soul in some unfavored hour,
 Forlorn in sorrow feel its hope afar ;
 How sweet to know Who gave the sun his power,
 Shall be to my short life its Morning Star.

If fancy lure to scenes of dazzling fame,
 But the false earth-light fails to lead us far,—
 This voice shall still our trembling souls again,
 I lead my people, I'm their Morning Star.

Whate'er the lot whate'er the day may be,
 Whate'er the sorrow, what the fears that mar,—
 No wave shall bear my bark o'er any sea,
 In any storm without my Morning Star.

And when shall wake th' unclouded Day of Peace,
 With sounds of coming bliss from Heaven afar,—
 Look, heir of life, in yon reviving east,
 This emblem see, The Bright and Morning Star.

SOLILOQUY.

When young men drive soliloquy away
 They lose a father, friend.—When friends are few
 They'll find it terrible that this left too.—
 And when the sudden rushing waters rise,
 Perplexing much the worthy and the wise,
 They'll need their Contemplation ; but if lost,
 Once driven, never, never may return :—
 Moods are not made in moments—Oh to sit,
 How big the bliss, and meditate like men !
 There is a vortex for the young, unused
 To dangerous deeps, which they who practise
 In soliloquy may learn to shun,—and life
 Is all a vortex, think thee then for thought :—
 Did half mankind but meditate at all,
 How oft the other half would fear to fall.

When old men drive soliloquy away
 (Alas, how dreams are deadly to the end !)
 They lose a silent solacer, or rather
 Have denied they need him then.—Grey hairs
 Are silvered to be meet for Heaven,

Grey hairs are honorable made to love,
 Be loved and be caressed.—O reverence age !
 'Twill fit thee well gay youth to reverence age.—
 But ye who feel the white and wasting locks
 Of veneration fall, pause o'er each one ;—
 'Tis autumn's falling foliage begun,—
 All will not leave thee till the winter come,—
 That winter soon, thou knowest not when 't will be.
 Break the dark cloud, see onward into life—
 Thy winter shall be spring, thy darkness, light !
 And Contemplation strangely doth befriend,—
 'Twill rob thee much of second infancy ;
 (Accustomed habits will be habits e'er
 No age shall fully shake them from the soul.)
 'Twill bring thee boyhood and thy thinking then,
 The early blossom of thy ripened life.—
 Thy thoughts twice over will be worthier weighed,
 And thou shalt bless thy offspring on thy knee,
 With safer grace, thrice patriarchal.—
 And he shall come to dress thy honor'd tomb
 With rose-buds annual from the cherished tree ;—
 His memory sweeter than the flowers he brings
 Beside thy sacred dust,— that in the years
 When thou wert old and in thy godly state
 Of benediction sat'st, thou gavest him this,—
 A Father's counsel— the untainted gift
 Of God, which thou did'st meditate to tell.—

And contemplation lifts the veil of Heaven,—
 O think, if hither bound—how happy thou !
 Verging on glory ; and the patriarchs all
 Are waiting thee !—their number on the shore
 To swell,—the shore of long beatitude !

O stay ye then, ere life unhallowed fly—
 Ye young men, and ye tremblers at the tomb—
 One hour your hasty steps,—your wheels draw back
 And meditate.—Thy chariot course too swift,
 Unthinking man !—e'en now on fatal ground,
 Will hurl thee headlong to thy enemy—
 Thy weeping come ;—O think thee then for thought !

NIGHT.

O night ! still, starry night ! in awe I stand
 Under yon heaven-built dome and think of peace.
 How many sentinels, in silence grand,
 Seem watching at the portal gates of bliss
 And say " come up and rest !"—I rise and feel
 The sympathy of those deep peaceful skies
 And rest ; for what of earth could venture there
 Where are the calm pure airs of Paradise.

LOVING VOICE.

I never hear a loving voice
 Speak gentle tones to me,
And with its half-unconscious joys
 Wake one sweet sympathy,—
But I regard it as a form
 Of spirit minstrelsy ;—
As distant bugle in the storm,
 Or music on the sea.

That voice may strike no other ear,
 And nought peculiar be,—
While many a kind expression there,
 Is fondly meant for me.
And when contending sounds grow warm,
 That voice will ever be,
As distant bugle in the storm,
 Or music on the sea.

And oft a smile will light that face,
 No other eye may see,—
 A smile of such peculiar grace,
 Tis ne'er forgot by me ;
 And when this chill cold earth forlorn,
 A dreary wild would be,—
 It comes like rainbow in the storm,
 Or moonbeam on the sea.

LOVE.

Ah ! 'tis a coy celestial thing,
 Of crystal breast and fluttering wing,
 Purest of all imagining,—
 That wakes the heart with a voice divine
 Melodious from some happier clime,—
 That lures the eye, but not deceives—
 Nor promises but what it gives ;
 And twining hearts with diamond chains,
 A blooming paradise regains.

TO THE SWALLOW

IN EARLY SPRING.

O! hail, though alien, bright and lovely bird
That skimm'st at eve the dewy lawn,—
That play'st so sportive o'er the grassy bank,
To catch the painted fly at dawn.

Thou vernal visitant from climes afar,
Nor thee shall Albion spurn—
But lend thee glen and grassy glade,—
Then turn, fair bird, return.

We miss thee when the sunbeams streak
The azure morning sky,
We miss thee by the glassy lake
That waves so peacefully.

We miss thee where the cottage smoke
Curls fleecy to the breeze,—
We miss thy gambols o'er the green,
And circles round the trees,

Thou float'st, sweet bird, upon the sun-lit beam
 So buoyant on thy wing ;
 No snow-fall chills thy genial breast,
 Nor damps thy far-spread wing.

O haste, bright stranger, to our loved abode,
 Nor linger o'er the sunnier sea,—
 Lend, ye kind winds, your fleetest motion lend,
 And waft the swallow to our British lea.

TRUST.

Oh, no!—not undecided
 Can our ways ever be ;
 But all arranged and guided,
 Events we cannot see.

There is no peril'd venture,
 Nor chance hath ever been,
 To those who humbly enter
 With God, the dark unseen.

'T is in the gloomiest shading
 And future most unknown,
 Some pleasure is preparing
 'T were our best hope to own.

The trusting time most glorious
 God gives to faith, not sight—
 'Till the bright day victorious,
 Break sweetly from the night.

Full well life's weary dooming
 May often seem too sad,
 But for the certain coming
 Of brighter days and glad.

Then flee all hard misgiving—
 All undefined dismay—
 'Tis not for any living
 To cast bright hope away;

And not for thee, O never—
 Blest child of heavenly birth :
 For thine is bliss for ever,
 And all the good of earth.

We know not of the morrow—
 Some token then may be,
 The sun-light of our sorrow,
 The voice of Heaven to thee.

When most our trust is tested—
 And hope can rise no more ;
 Shatter'd and wrecked and wasted,
 We've touched life's golden shore.

CONCEIT.

Conceit, ill-mannered, swallows up the mind
 In one great gulf of evil undefined :—
 Beware, O egotist, whate'er ye boast,
 In gorging self you do not gorge a ghost—
 For like a secret robber at the soul,
 Thy silent self will wear it to a scroll;
 And he who lives the greatest in his own
 Must fill all other minds to mock and groan.
 If aught involves a higher kind of hate,
 'Tis to be shocked with self-applause and state—
 That endless jarring on the wearied ear,
 You need must list, acknowledge and revere,—
 Or the long pleader, with his mimic brief,
 Believes you half a fool, or half a beast.
 In vain you try to turn the parrot's brain
 To truth or laws, what king or folly reigns,—
 Deaf to all social or politic wealth,
 He feels a world of glory in himself ;
 And fondly thinks our little pigmy feet,
 Should wander to and fro and worship it ;
 'Till like Prometheus, insolent and mean,
 He wastes his petty might and dies unseen.

A DORCAS MEETING.

When many matrons meet for many ends,
 To gather gossip and to slander friends—
 To spread all evil and to spoil all good—
 To swear who would be wedded and who should—
 To rake the dying whispers of the dead,
 Not caring where his soul but fortune fled—
 And all exultant when the news is won,
 Of who a daughter has or who a son—
 Content alone with chatter such as shocks
 Where ceaseless magpies may be found in flocks,—
 When such they meet, ye virtuous dames, beware,
 Who own a household and a household's care—
 And ye, fair maidens, who have aught to learn
 Or aught have learnt about your life's concern,—
 As peace ye value or for heaven ye pray—
 O keep away, for ever keep away.—

But lo! a heavenly band appears to view,
 The meeting holy and the objects few ;

Goodness and Peace have called their pleasant friends,
And smiling Love the foremost seat ascends ;
O come, ye poor, and bring your offerings too,
Give them your prayers who give their alms for you,—
They meet to tell the pity they have felt,
And what Christ bade when at His feet they knelt,
“ Go clothe the naked and the hungry feed,”
And they have met to urge the heavenly deed ;
Sisters of her, in Holy Writ declared
Rich in good works—now rich in her reward :—
Nor dare they leave to such a transient hour,
Their sacred service to the sad and poor,
But *live* to bless and learn how sweet the peace,
That bosom knows whose mercies never cease.

Here let an angel point to happier scenes,
Where poor and wretched are as priests and kings,—
And earth's worn garments cast for e'er away,
Their blood-washed spirits walk in robes of day.

HAPPINESS.

Nor rank nor honor makes the moments glad—
 The soul makes happy or the soul makes sad ;
 The mind degraded may be ruled by sense,
 And rise or struggle as the streams flow hence,—
 But pure enjoyment and the throes of mirth
 Know no infringement from the laws of earth,
 But rest within the pathos of the soul—
 The mountain cottage or the village fold.

Fancy is fatal, and the voice she lends
 A fickle monitor ; now she bends
 All darkling o'er our pathway, and anon
 Darts like a meteor from her starry throne
 All light and brilliancy.—In the youthful breast
 Some trophied glory or some chieftain's crest
 She plants and withereth ;—here the passion'd soul
 Dreams blessedness,—and the traveller's goal,
 Like the last flicker of the taper's light,
 Starts up in fancy to be lost in night.

Ah wavering mind ! too like the summer sky !
 Now sweetly calm, now wrapped in agony,—
 A fickle wave, now sporting in the sun—
 A moment flies and darkness has begun.

Most wretched hope that reckons on the wind
 To bring the bliss it always leaves behind,—
 The treacherous gales that rule this human tide,
 Kiss only few and trouble most beside :
 Why ever wait on fancy's dreaming shore,
 Thinking some kindly wind will waft thee o'er
 To those delights hope has pourtrayed so fair,
 And fancy sees in some Elysium there ?
 Vain expectation of deluded sense,
 That should have had enduring peace from hence,—
 From quiet reaping of life's daily food,
 Hoping no more nor wanting than is good ;
 To see to-morrow were to see too far,
 But think this day how great thy mercies are ;
 And with the simplest competence content,
 Enjoy each hour what good thy God hath sent ;
 Fulness of joy must in His presence shine,
 O seize the bliss and Happiness is thine.

TO A
 YOUNG MAN ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Trust not the world— it will betray thee oft ;—
 Let not thy heart's young faith and promise rest
 Where truth on every fickle wind is tossed,
 And the false flatterer is the first caressed.

Use goodness well—it will return the use,—
 And doubly is he blest who rightly tells
 On his advantage—he has still the gift
 And giver, and contentment where he dwells.

Take life as thou would'st take it from a friend
 To keep and celebrate, his prize to be ;
 Value, guard and cherish to the end,
 And when thou meetest He will honor thee.

Let fawning falsity never shame thy brow,
 Shun it as venomous,—'t will be a paint
 That must be trimmed each morn— and sign thee fool,
 Who had'st been else an honor'd man or saint.

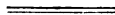
Be generous in word, and true in every thought,
 'Twill be the mould to fashion all thy deed ;
 Who lives forgetting is in turn forgot,
 And prunes the arrow that shall make him bleed.

Days will be found thee, when thou'lt trace this hour
 With fondness and regret— and the moment now
 Shall be a gem in memory, for the power
 Of it will halo round thy manhood's brow.

Thou leav'st the public hall but to be thrust
 On life's publicity— 'neath the power and glare
 Of thine observers— that with lightning flash
 Will show thyself what thou and mortals are.

Let it be seen thou art a son of God—
 This honor boast in meek sincerity ;
 A citizen of Heaven on earth's short road,
 Thy conduct Christly and thy conscience free.

'Tis good to learn— and early sorrows will
 Be like a weeping on the new-mown grass—
 The morn of youth that bears the storms of ill,
 Is made the sweetest for an eve of bliss.



DESPOTISM.

O impious tryanny!—what avails thy power?
Thy end accurs'd—thy glory but an hour.
See the fallen empire with its broken walls,
Its pillaged temples and deserted halls—
Ask'st thou the cause? what mighty hand has spoiled,
What judgment shaken or what demon foiled?
Learn of the monarch with his iron brow,
The torturing edict and the broken vow,—
What laws were holden with despotic sway —
What tyrant governed, and how right gave way.
Then fully know the riches of a state
Lie not in glory or in seeming great,
But rest in mercy and an equal grant,
To him who feasts in gold or mourns in want;
While His blest throne from which all honors move
Takes the deep homage of a nation's love.
No more should sceptre falter in the grasp,
The subject tremble or the senate cast
Its wonted potency, were it life with man
To move in charity,—Being is a plan
Divinely organised—and the will of Heav'n
To love's kind power, the rule of peace has given.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

Alas, too long they 've bound thee,
 O lovely captive bird !
 So free where rude hands found thee,
 Thine the bright word all round thee,—
 O lovely captive bird !

Now hast thou ceased thy flying,
 Thy captive wings too long
 Have lost the power of trying,
 And life is passed in sighing
 That should have passed in song,

.
 So cruel hands may take thee,
 Fond heart, so bright and free —
 Who heard'st his voice awake thee,
 That said, his bride he'd make thee,
 So happy and so free.

O ! let thine eye discover—
 And let thine heart beware—
 Shall *words* make thee his lover ?
 O ! what when these are over,
 And thou a captive e'er ?

Ah, then all luring ended,
 Thy free song sung no more —
 O lonely ! undefended !
 Unloved one, and untended !
 Would that thy life were o'er !

OBSEQUIOUSNESS.

I spurn thee—smiler most contemptible !—
 False cringing courtesy—yea I spurn thee !—
 See'st thou, my friend, that knee-nosed thing in me,
 With hat in hand and falsity at heart
 Going begging to a brother ? then spurn me—
 Laugh at my suit—shut all thy doors on fools,—
 I'll go to my relations—kiss monkeys—
 Bow to the ass—and be polite to hogs.

Fall e'en to thee, thou great friend ? never !—nay,
 Never cringe to me—bow when thou shouldst, I too.—
 Be noble—fall but to The Highest.—Have
 I wrong'd thee ? honorably then I'll beg,
 Honorably forgive.—And hast thou wrong'd ?
 How much ?—so be thy reparation right.—
 Beg honorably—plead tenderly—plead true,—
 A tear is honorable—and a look is power—
 And noble will bend to nobility.

TO SATAN.

Thou fiend and false one! thou undone
 But cruel monster, hasten from my soul!
 Nor with such radiant guise my ruin tempt,
 But drop thy angel face for hellish scowl!

Then should I shun thee,—thou would'st not appear
 Upon the errand of God's holy will,—
 Thy ghastly form should soon awake my fear,
 And thou, the devil, seem the devil still.

But when thou lurest th' unwary soul away,
 Thrice fearful fiend,— thou art dressed so well,
 'Tis but a lesser holiness, we say—
 And fallen an inch from Heaven, sink nigh to Hell.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING*Luke 21—verse 11—*

Oh ! wilt thou be 'fraid of these fearful sights,
And signs that are great in Heaven ?
When a fiery blaze the firmament lights
And a thousand thunders driven ?

When the mountains reel with a sudden shock,
And earthquakes cleave the world ?
And maddening seas every massive rock
A hundred leagues have hurled ?

When the sun turns black in the mourning sky,
And in blood the moon comes forth—
Stars see the sight—and a thousand fly,
Crash—crashing to the earth!

And when shall appear the marvellous sign
Of The Son of Man from Heaven—
To the holy blest with a peace divine,
But lightning scorch to the souls of crime,
In terrible glory driven.

Oh! art thou afraid of these fearful sights,
 And signs that are great in Heaven?
 It shall come in the sleep of the silent night
 To the soul that is unforgiven.



THE SCEPTIC AND THE CHRISTIAN

I'll do thee good, the pride of science cries,—
 Poor Christian—lend thy simple mind to me,
 I'll teach thee knowledge of the distant skies,
 And raise thee with a *true philosophy*.

Well, when they strike, thy luring hopes may please
 A heaven to paint thee and some good unseen,
 But *whence* the *reason* thou should'st rest on these?
 Prove, if thou canst, if not, then cease to dream.

.

Thy tempting good the heaven-born bosom spurns,—
 The Christian spake and proved it with his voice,—
 Ne'er heeds the soul where bliss seraphic burns,
 With *reason cold* to tell thee *why* he joys.

He *knows* a spring unknown to mortal ken,
 And silent thither wings his soul unseen.—
 He *feels* a glory most despised by men,
 And *feeds* in pastures of eternal green.

This not enough ;—what more were blest below,
 That too exhaustless excellence supplies.—
 When nought remains of Heaven and God to know
 Thy science then shall make my folly wise.

INSENSIBILITY.

O rigid monster of the captive soul ;
 Thy mighty, boundless, dread control
 Sleeps not, till life's last ebbing wave shall roll
 Back to its spring,
 And swell the boundless tide, whence first 'twas stole
 Crystal and clean.

From grade to grade thy dreary spectre strays ;
 From pole to pole thy chilling breezes play ;
 O'er life's sweet opening bud and hairs worn gray
 Though art a blight ;
 Nipping the fruit of love on every spray
 Of moral right.

Insensibility ! thy hidden winds
 Lead through each secret alley of the mind ;
 While round the philanthropic brow ye'd bind
 Thy withering wreath ;
 And as th' keen whistle of the northern wind
 Chill every breath.

In thy loved arms the rebel slumbers fast,
 Nor fears the howling of The Law's loud blast,—
 Insensible to heavenly calls long past
 He sleeps in death ;
 Till life's last billowy storm sweeps past,
 And blasts his breath.

Yon tottering babe that feebly lisps his, nay,
 Has woo'd thee, companion in his play,
 Whose tiny weapons o'er the glass pane stray
 To crush the fly ;
 And sees exulting his convulsive prey,
 Struggle to die.

Thine too insensitive, the iron-hearted clown—
 Whose love flows equal for his wife and hound—
 And he of stunted soul who tills the ground,
 Belaboured man ;
 By icy av'rice or by hardship bound
 To thy dread ban.

Yet higher still—grim ghost of Stygian wave—
 Men's lordly masters grow thy abject slaves,
 Crushing the weak—contemptuous of the brave—
 Mean tyrants they :
 And passing proudly to the glutted grave
 Heartless away.

And so rul'st thou—the chill'd hard world thine own;
 Thy footstool, hearts—and marble for thy throne ;
 The proud thy priests—and their cold altar, stone :
 While heavenly love,
 In outer courts with long unheeded groan,
 Pleadeth above.



SPRING.

Not yet have fully blossomed
 The hawthorn and hedge-rose,
 And only few bright suns have shone
 Where slept the vanished snows ;
 But 'tis the hour victorious,
 The proud smile of the year,—
 Like good youth fresh and glorious
 SPRING comes—famed charioteer.

From hills high and dreary
Careering and gay,
Through the fields and the valleys
In brightness away ;
He breathes as he passeth
The Spirit of Song,
And the chorus ne'er ceaseth
The wild woods among ;
He has waken'd the flowers,
Attired they all rise,—
And his bright falling showers
Are pearls from the skies ;
He has touched the far woodlands
With tints of fair green,
And the angler sings merrily
On with the stream ;
The frolicking lambkins
Sport bright life away,
And the children are gamboling
Gleesome as they ;
The modest farm lassie
Now ventures to stray
O'er th' meadows so grassy,
In love's holiday ;
And happy all rovers
With hearts pure and free,
But thrice happy, lovers,
Your spring time should be—

Your summer is coming,
Ye have budded in heart,
Though the first tender blossoms
But timidly start ;
Ye shall have the fruit golden
What time ye shall prove,
In the faith ye have holden
The True Spring of love :—
Let your hearts be as temples,
Your songs be sweet praise,
'T will be Heaven to love so—
'T will be Heaven always.

THE OLD CHURCH,

A short allegorical sketch of the Anglican Church, from the Romish period to its prospective Disestablishment.

It stood on a high hill and grandly built—
 Men of old time brought weighty rocks
 And reared their edifice in strength ;
 They toiled not for to-day, but ages,
 And thought for generations, not themselves.
 Sometimes in their deep memorial love
 They shrined the holy past in temple guise,
 And bade such form of beauty all erect
 For ever stand and speak their praise to
 Heaven ;
 Or yet with huge and ready stones piled high,
 To Love Omnipotent their altar left,—
 As Israel on Jordan's sacred banks.

This Old Church stood in name of Heav'n's
 great peer,
 Archangel sainted long, St. Michael,—
 Title most meet for such a church and time,

And frequent erst invoked when'er his sword
 All needful seemed for Church and State alike ;
 " Fightings without and fears within " e'en
 Was writ by mystery on altar walls ; [then
 And so St. Michael's was bequeathed to time,
 Dear nursling of the milky breasts of Rome.

HYMN AT THE DEDICATION :—

O God we raise this church to Thee,
 With Son and Holy Spirit, Three ;
 And blessed Mary, Mother true ;
 And holy Pope, our father too ;
 And Michael, head of angels he :—
 Blessed, blessed company.

Visit here at morning prime,
 Visit here at even-time,
 Let our priests be richly fed,
 Hear their prayers for holy dead,
 But no living sinners spare,
 Who our holy vengeance dare.

Let good tithes and offerings be
 Meet O God for Pope and Thee,
 Meet for priest and holy monk,—
 Martyrs' blood they ne'er have drunk ;
 * " Innocent " our Father, he,—
 Blessed, blessed company.

* The Pope.

SOLILOQUY BY THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD CHURCH :—

How good within these quiet walls to bide
 All shocks of time, and glories of our church ;
 Secure of feasts, and having fasts to spare,
 And well informed to play the ghostly part
 Of God's Inquisitor in men's affairs,—
 And they do bless the church, good souls,
 and tell

What heavenly comfort is within her breast ;
 Indulgences so sweet our father grants
 To all good penitents, and all that pay,
 Saints have no need for stolen waters here,
 He giveth rich preserves and liberty
 For holy appetite, and pardon too ;
 'Tis good within such quiet fold t'abide
 With Holy mother, Pope and Peter too,
 And be The Spirit of The Church, The Church,
 God's mighty rock in these rough seas of sin.

But night came on apace, the night of storms,
 Of dreams and omens, and of foulest blight ;—
 Nothing grew lovely 'round that lovely spot,
 Nor men grew strong, nor children grew to men,
 Nor flowers felt half Heaven's love, nor fruits
 came sweet ;

The untill'd fields slept on the ambient slopes,
 And the rich pastures, left to straggling kine

And men uncaring, came to nothingness ;
 All nature mourned, as is her wont to do,
 The sloth and luxury and lust of men ;
 For feasts they held and carnivals and slept
 On wine,—men of the mitred head and cures
 Of all human souls, called holy priests ;
 The ghostly habitants of th' grand Old Church.—
 And it was time there should be light on earth.

THE LAMENTATION OF A CONVENT GHOST :—

I have been long thy foe in death,
 O Church ! so full of dead men's bones,
 That could they speak, would need for breath
 All the four winds in cries and groans.
 Thy Masses do but mock our fate ;—
 If even they are heard in heaven,
 Insulted Truth disdains thy state ;—[shriven.
 Souls are twice lost whom priests have
 Poor victim I that sought for rest,
 Some rest for such so weary then,
 And I was told upon thy breast
 This blessing I might surely gain.
 I fell into thy arms, alas
 Thy arms were cloisters ! and thy breast
 Cold stone ! where I might only cast
 My tortured limbs, and weep for rest.

A nun ! ah hapless child of woe !
 Ah, all deceived and ruined child !
 Such foul delusion, wherefore so
 By holy symbol so beguiled ?
 My father's home was happy, and
 My mother's heart was full of love,—
 But mine was in another's hand,
 Another's that could faithless prove.
 They told me of a refuge there—
 They told me of a holy rest—
 They told me of a bridegroom dear—
 They told me of a mother's breast—
 They told me of a virgin's crown—
 They told me of a heaven at last,—
 They told me not of virtue gone—
 Of tortured ears and eyes aghast.
 Ah me ! that there was not a friend
 Could hear the sound nor see the sight,—
 Our groaning might have had an end,
 *If human love had let in light.

A WARNING BY THE CHURCHYARD GHOST :—

Weighed, weighed, weighed and wanting.
 Found wanting—Ah wanting now.
 Unerring hand, unchanging—
 His, O His at last I know !

* Conventual Inspection.

Let graves ope wide and hide,—
 And take thy corse deep in ;
 Wanted, wanted, wanted,
 To feed these hells of sin.

REFORMATION DAWN :—

It was the dawning, and the cock crew loud ;
 The happy spirit of the Church woke not
 Nor wept—the well-fed ghost slept on,—
 For good it was in such blest place to bide
 The shocks of time, the judgments of The
 Church.

They came—from the cold north a star, a star
 But trembling, in all the darkness, light ;—
 *O'er Lutterworth first seen, and thence gave
 ray
 To far Devonia, and all through the land.—
 'Twas lightning to St. Michael's, and it shook
 From steeple top down to the nether stone.
 Then followed fast, "as many waters sound,"
 The voice, The voice Almighty, and His word
 From banished Tyndale spake 'cross echoing
 seas.— [grand ;—
 'Twas a grand dawning, and the day more
 How grand heaven keepeth record—not the
 earth.

• Wickliffe.

HENRY EIGHTH'S PART :—

Now Harry the king his queen would divorce,
 And Cath'rine must go, as queens may of
 course,—

Anne Boleyn at hand, quite ready to wed,
 For the Head of the Church may be king of
 his bed, [roar,—

So Wolsey may wail and *Clement may
 Defender King Harry's Defender no more.

Woe to the abbey, and woe to the monk—
 Lop off the branches and root up the trunk—
 Scatter the hordes that prowl for the prey—
 And send the sly legate to his master away—
 Down with the Old Church and up with the
 new ;—

Defender King Harry's the Faithful and True.

Then quick The Spirit of the Old Church woke,
 And with a pierceful cry struck terrorful
 Full legions of the hungry ghosts around,—
 Un-housed, un-robed, un-ecclesiastic now ;
 For when strong king on golden stores lays
 hand

And sacrilegious men touch revenue,
 What is a church that it can bear the sight ?
 Or spirit but will startle at the shock ?

*Pope Clement.

Yet not all fled ; still were there nook and
 book,
 Altar and ordinance, pulpit and pew, [there
 Where some might hide, and lean and hungry
 Be veriest shadow of their ghostly selves,
 Till they find flesh in some foul herd again.
 But the strong tower—unshaken masonry,
 Entrance and aisle and roof—unaltered signs
 Stood still, still saying “ in memoriam,”—
 On the high hill built grandly unto God.

APOSTROPHE :—

O lovely altitude ! So nearer Heaven
 Than where below the delving busy world
 Has its own breath for life, and earth for food !
 Meet spot to speak of Him on high, Most
 High !
 And breathe from Paradise the breath of life :—
 So is God's church, and so in type stood now
 St. Michael's, that Old Church,—garnished,
 swept,
Reformed, and hung with ornaments of grace.

LUTHER'S WORK :—

Who comes, with angel ministrations round ?
 What voice, that rings with trumpet note so
 clear ?

What foot, so strong and yet so softly shod ?
 A monk from Heidelberg brings this array ;
 And hark ! the voice is God's in mouth of man !
 And the blest foot-fall is the righteous speed
 Of Gospel truth that bringeth peace and love.

NEW SCENES :—

And straightway all the sacred air and scene
 Of holy worship at that hour—begun
 In the new spirit of the fair Old Church,—
 Rang with loud hallelujahs :—there was light
 In every eye, and life in every breath ;
 And God came down revealed in Holy Writ,
 Gracious and merciful,—came down to speak,
 To speak,—*Man justified by faith alone,*
 And without works saved by Jehovah's Son.

ROYAL FAVOR :—

And long time in the sunshine of the king—
 His royal courtiers, chancellors and priests—
 His benedictions, benefits and boasts—
 His all of Lordship save the Right Divine—
 Stood the bright Edifice Ecclesiastic,
 Crowned with a king and his gay diadem
 Of queens thereon, as costly jewels set ;
 Reformed, but not renewed—more king than
 Christ.
 But from that sunshine sprang the Upas tree

Of baneful bigotry, and bloated pride,
 And grew on high o'er Edward's saintly head,
 Too high for youthful hand to seize and crush—
 Too foul for his meek loveliness to curse—
 And for a little space 'twas night again,
 For Mary breathed, breathed murderous fumes,
 And cast full sulphurous clouds of blackness
 forth

O'er all the land, fiery and full of death.

And The Old Church shook, and once again
 Burst all the spirits every one his chain,
 And leaving shelter of the thousand tombs
 Of abbots, monks and priests—all underlaid—
 Bishops and cardinals and popes, sprang out
 To life, took flesh and fed on souls.

THE MARTYR'S MARCH :—

To the fire, the fire, the ravening fire !
 Bring forth the holiest, daughter and sire !
 Bring the bright boy in his beautiful youth
 And burn him by side of his mother—for truth !
 How it filleth the hearts of these priests with joy,
 The burning, the burning the beautiful boy !
 Fair maid in her loveliness ! Save her, ye men !
 They drag her to die ! the faggots hiss shame !
 Hath she shaken the Church with wrathful
 might ? [light?
 Or only stepped heav'n-ward in vestment of

But it maketh no matter, The Church is
 afraid,— [maid.
 Then burn her, yes burn her, the innocent

Step forth holy *mothers*, in sacred array,—
 To the burning, the burning, the glory away,—
 But priests are yet *sons* and the name is too dear,
These shall not be martyrs ! they shall not ? O
 hear !

What saith Holy Church in merciless scorn ?
 Let mothers burn quick with their infants un-
 born.

And ye rev'rend fathers, are ye come to die ?
 In these chariots of fire go ye swift to the sky ?
 Stop children of Hell, these are fathers in God ;
 They 'll cry from Heav'n's altar for ven-
 geance in blood.— [groans—

But their shout's the louder for earth's pitiful
 Their blood be on us, our daughters and sons !!

And perfect in suffering so Jesus was made,
 And the Captain's bright sign on his army is
 laid,— [more,
 The March of the Martyrs passeth by ever—
 These living to suffer, those dying before,—
 So the hosts of the Lord, more than conquer-
 ors, rise [skies.
 From dungeons and death to crowns in the,

FRUITS:—

Now precious seed full stored the guilty earth,
That soon should yield its glorious fruit to
heaven

By royal hand and courtly favor nursed,—
Till the same fickle sun should hide his face
And leave to darkness all the grace of kings,
That so, full hardier, God's right hand might
rear, [truth,—

'Mid roughest storms the stateliest trees of
Not sheltered they beneath the Old Church
walls,

Nor shadowing her foul altars from the scorch
Of the hot wrath of Heaven,—Stuarts her kings,
Such crowns upon her steeple top bring all
The scathing lightnings round to strike thereon,
And leave her to her ruin—rent evermore,
Asunder and asunder still, until the end.

And now with walls and floor dilapidate
But not deserted—more meet even thus
For fav'rite habitants of bat and owl—
St. Michael's, graceless daughter of St. Peter,
A castaway alike of Sire and Sons. [stood
For there were men of life in those ill days—
Giants erect of head and great of soul,
Whose seed nigh perished latterly from earth;
The vales of England gave these nobles birth,

And o'er the landscape beautiful around,
 As in the clearer picture of His word,
 Their eyes first traced the character of God
 Writ in deep lines of loveliness and power ;
 They read Him wise and good,—beneficent,
 Laying beatitudes on all His works,
 And with the greatest blessing, blessing man ;
 Not so transcribed, alas, upon the face
 Of earth's Ecclesiasticism, nor heard
 In the Old Church's loud anathemas ;—
 These were of Tyndale's blood and Latimer's—
 Jerome and Ridley, Luther and Knox
 To life returned, in full seven bishops more—
 Baxter and Owen and a lordly host,—
 Milton the amaranth of earth's parterre,—
 And in their midst o'er-towering Cromwell,
 Mighty in right—by wrong to madness lashed,
 And rich avenger of a sainted host
 On treachery's sneaking hordes called Church.
 A man fierce at pollution such as this,
 And scourging under sufferance from Christ,
 The temple traffic and the lust of kings.

But as of old, where Shiloh's footsteps trod
 And the Jehovah voice died out for ever,
 This house was left unto men desolate ;
 Altar and sacrifice and priest were there,
 The voice of singing and the sound of prayer,

Wealth's holy splendour, sacred pride
 And sanctified fashion, all were there,—
 But God was not in these—all desolate !
 In form so decorate, in death so cold !
 So desolate !!

Yet was there cry as of some lingering life,—
 And the true remnant hath its still small voice
 That night and day prevaileth at The Throne,
 'Make haste, O Lord, to help us and to save,'
 And 'blessed he who cometh in Thy name.'

THE QUESTION:—

Who shall come with right Divine
 Knocking at her gates sublime ?
 Who shall ask with seemly face
 Entrance to the Holy place ?
 Who shall fain assay to touch
 Reredos and relic such ?
 Who shall under Heaven see
 All her holy mystery ?
 Who shall impiously tread
 Where apostles' sons are fed ?
 Who shall think, lest cursed he,
 Any evil thing of thee ?
 Who the mystic scroll has seen
 Mene, tekel, upharsin ?

Wesley has been, but to the dark Old Church
 He is not.—Her spirit in such darkling shade

The dimmest loved of all religious light,
 And kept high festival o'er souls asleep.
 Whitfield has been—but his voice, too coarse
 And sharp withal in the strong dialect
 Of truth, may fright full herds of fleshy swine
 Beneath, but The Spirit of the Old Church
 Lived delicately, and her votaries,
 Albeit corpulent with wine of earth,
 Were fed on myths, the milkless sop of babes,
 And serenaded with sweet lullabies ;
 So Whitfield is not.

And still, all still
 The generations slept—the unstirred air
 And chilling damp grew pestilent within—
 Unlighted and unsunned.

Then other voices*
 Late to the ghostly ear from Isis came,
 All politic, polite, poetical,
 All theologic from the classic chair,
 Most meet to make her ruin worse and light,
 In darker chaos, all her tongues with fire.
 But 'twas The Church's voice, The Church's
 own,
 One of the Fathers, and she bade attend.
 But wondering men, a-weeping for the truth,
 Came out, and 'stonished as they saw
 God's sky o'er-head aglare with fiery light,

* Pusey

Beheld The Church, t'was even so,
 Baptized afresh with holy fire from Rome.
 Midst more confusion and confounded more,
 'Mid fear and triumph, hoping and dismay,
 The Old Church Spirit looked abroad on earth
 To see if any saw—to know if any knew
 What had been doing—then, well ashamed,
 Slunk back within her walls to watch
 Through mouldy crevices, what men would do.

*A SEER'S CRY.

This must not be—too long we've slept and
 dreamed ;
 The nation must have controversy and know
 What meaneth it ; ten thousand hands that
 raised
 With riches of the state this temple pile
 Shall bring it to the ground.—What is it now
 Of bulwark safe or faithful citadel
 That sons of toil and seers of truth should love?
 Or feed with the full millions of her tithes,
 Wrenched out of riven consciences ? and why
 This minion of the nation be forsooth
 As pamper'd lord o'er all God's heritage ?
 It must not be—shall barest right of citizen
 Be begged for at her hands, and then denied ?
 Wake, let us see who makes and un-makes too !
 Wake, Justice, Truth and Zeal, yea all awake !

* Miall.

Wake ye within her and without! wake, men
 Of greyest hairs most eloquent of wrongs!
 And coming fathers carrying your satchels!
 And though my own were feeblest—soul,
 awake!

Let trusting men be corporate, and them
 Of reverent spirit—but let the motto be,—
 For very love they bare her in the past,
 And very honor to her guiltless sons,
 Yea reverence for all she yet shall be,—
Pure liberation—her crown of iron rent;
 Her chain dissolvéd in the love of God.

THE RESPONSE :—

And all the land with loud “amens” was filled,
 From voices eloquent and spirits pure,
 And Truth and Justice looked approving on.

SPECIAL CONFERENCE OF PREMIER AND PRIESTS—

A MEDLEY.

Premier : My Lords, and Fathers in God’s holy
 church [priests,
 Most reverend, and gentlemen God’s
 I have this honor in your midst to give
 Partial account of what great trust has
 been
 By me discharged for your behalf and
 Government

A Priest : Nay ! nay! not *Government*, we are not ruled [Church. By Crown and Parliament, but by our

Premier : If so it be—so be it—I defer To her Chief Priests and Princes whom the Queen Has duly vested with divine descent, Their mind to know.

Chief Priest : The Fathers are Lords spiritual, and Declare their right from God, but who so well [can trace The subtle flow of that strange power Through Queenly favor and his own to us [friend. As the right honorable, our trusted

Premier : Then I'll assume the Government to be Just where it is, and proceed to assure This reverend conclave, how most humbly I have sought approval from all power Ecclesiastic in the realm, . . .

A Priest : In some directions over-much indeed, Where power means martyrdom again.

A Priest : . . . And in other some That of "the baser sort," most wretchedly.

Premier : I must explain,
 'Tis palpable to your senses politic,
 If we would bring One Other Church
 of greatest
 Name and power, and nursing mother
 To our great ecclesiasticism, to dwell
 At home in Fatherland, by yielding all
 Her honorable petitions, it must be
 With something parallel thrown out
 To nameless sectaries and "baser sorts,"
 Political unecclesiastics, or
 We fail in our High Parliament.

A Priest : Well, well.

A Priest : 'Tis evident the Queen's first minister
 Means well to Holy Church, but we
 would know
 If any other Church but Anglican
 Has right to be within this realm,
 Or any person not within our Church,
 Royal and apostolic.

A Priest : If the great Churches Western may
 but be
 One Church infallible and absolute,
 Let "baser sorts" be dung and dross.

A Priest : I venture, holy brethren, to assume
 There may be good men not within
 our fold,

Tho' only I am left to tell of such,
Whom he may love and graciously
restore!

Clamour of voices : Oh, oh ! Oh, oh !!
No, no ! No, no !!
No, no ! No, no !!

Premier : Permit me to revert to policy,
My axiom—" Things are not what
they seem,"
They are not equal, nor yet tolerant,
Nor parallel, *but they are politic*,—
To please whom they have pleased,
And seem what they are not.—
But I desist from further speech,
And further detail of our pleasure
now, to say, [Priests,—
Most reverend fathers and God's Holy
The game is yours, and your servant,
the Queen's
First-minister, is at your call.

A Priest : To be or not to be, that's the ques-
tion.— [shall be ?
The Irish was—ours is,—but what
We are doubtful, sir, of your good
policy.

Chief Priest : Holy brethren, we have heard our
Royal head,

In person of her most trusted minister,
 Declare her sov'reign will for this God's
 Church, [her power
 To cherish, strengthen, and sustain
 Inviolate—now must we see to her
 Estate *within* and fall not out among
 Ourselves,—'tis a *good* Old Church
 and *rich*,— [all;
High and *low* and *broad*,—and *fit for*
 Therefore be *brethren*, stretch not the
 law [the law ;
 Over your borders, nor truth over the
 And in your dressings and your doc-
 trines [doves.
 Be wise as serpents, and as harmless

Voices : Hear! Hear!

A Priest : Nay, but The Priesthood and The
 Sacrifice must have pre-eminence,
 And verily no other place shall they ;
 And proper vestments too for glory,
 And for beauty, and the like.

Another Priest : Position, place, and attitude,
 Demanded by God's altar and Real
 Presence.

Another Priest : Incense, lights and holy water too,
 And all appointments seemly to our
 Or by the law or not. [mind,

The first thing I saw when I stepped out was
 a bright sun that felt like a warm blanket.
 The air was fresh and clean, a stark contrast
 to the smoggy atmosphere of the city I'd
 just left behind. I took a deep breath and
 felt a sense of peace wash over me. The
 landscape was beautiful, with rolling hills
 and a clear blue sky. I had finally found
 a place where I could breathe and be
 myself.

THE FEATHERS

They were the first I saw when I stepped
 out of the city. The sun was shining
 brightly, and the air was fresh and clean.
 I had finally found a place where I could
 breathe and be myself.

The first thing I saw when I stepped out was
 a bright sun that felt like a warm blanket.

Another Priest : The people love to have it so,
Vox populi, Vox Dei.

Another Priest : My brethren let me offer counsel ;
We may be sure of all these *signs* in
time [hook
If but the substance take, so bait the
Of doctrine warily and let them swal-
low that,— [small.
Food for big fish, fine dressing for the

Chief Priest : Pardon me if I have need restrain
Mistaken zeal, and beg of God's true
priests
Some fealty to their holy vows ;
But that there may be all liberty for all,
By gentle arts persuasive bring
The willing laity to your priestly mind,
And then, whate'er ye will, so do.

A Priest : Not so, but to the articles, the rubric
And the Reformation we are bound,
And if seven thousand only in the
land be left [lonely priest.
Not Baal-worshippers, I'd be their

Clamour of voices : So let him !!
Reformation, Eh !!
We are our own Rubric !!
The Fathers are the Articles for us !!

A Priest: Nay, nay, good brethren, let us fairly
 say, [mon Prayer
 We challenge from our book of Com-
 All question of our practices, and find
 Therein our law and warrant, and affirm
 They are not true who practice other-
 wise.

Chief Priest: I declare this Holy Conference void,
 And refer to highest power of Par-
 liament
 For special laws and Government ;—

FAREWELL GLADSTONE.

A strange voice: He'll come again.—

EXULTATION :—

Who has not known the raptures of that hour,
 When, wildly glad and roused with latent
 power,

The frightened spirit, chained so long in fears,
 Is free to spring and seize the hope of years ?

Each atom in the radiant air's a gem,
 And every sound is sweetest music then,
 And all constrained by the bright force of joy
 Ten thousand phantom charms stand greeting
 by.

'Twas so the Old Church Spirit felt awhile,
 And filled with laughter every echoing aisle ;
 The sunlight danced on every darkened spot,
 And all her tears and trembling were forgot.
 Salvation !—'twas the grand old cry revived,
 That once was shouted when dead spirits lived ;
 Salvation ! now by lustier voices roared,
 And all the cry's D'ISRAEL OF THE LORD.

A PROCLAMATION ON THE OLD CHURCH DOOR :—

Be it known to all this Christian realm,
 We have with due deliberation
 In the great councils of the state, [Church,
 Weighed long the weighty matters of The
 And finding practices so diverse, and laws
 Unequal in our highest courts to reach
 Certain strange manners in her priests,
 Do now enact a Royal law, by style
 'An Act to regulate God's worship' and
 Save all reasonable censure from the Church :
 So let all men known and understand,
 And faithfully obey,—DISRAELI.

READERS AROUND :—

Q.—What's this ?

A.—A mouse the mountain has just brought
 forth.

Q.—Dear little thing ; What will it do
Among the thousand cats of the Old
Church ?

A.—Be tossed about and kept alive,
Poor thing, just on a crumb or two.

Q.—For legislative and religious sport I suppose ?

A.—Yes, and the people say “ amen,” for
Now-a-days such play suits well.

Good Lord, deliver us !!

THE CHURCH DELIVERED :—

Not yet, not yet ! but while 'twas said, it came,
The vision tarried and men waited for it.
The Eternal has made instruments of kings,
And ordered by His will e'en senators—
So Cyrus and so Artaxerxes,
Alexander, Attila and Napoleon,
Alfred and Albert of the mould divine,
Daniel, Machiavelli and Cavour,—
And still in Albion *One* abides his time,
And on the next tide rising, comes apace.

THE PROPOSITION :—

PROPOSED—The nation shall be deemed the
right
And lawful claimant of its own, to have
And righteously enjoy,—and of what belongs
In the Old Church to its just and true

Inheritors, sound or dilapidate,
 To become possessed and re-appoint at will,—
 But other right or owning it hath none ;
 Therefore, whatsoever there of relic,
 Gift or bequeathment “ in memoriam ”
 May be found, shall be the Church in part,
 Herself, inalienable and indivisible.

But first, there shall remain nor niche, nor stall,
 Nor throne therein for State-made saint,
 Nor armoured knight, nor prelate lord,—
 These all have other places for their honors :
 Here God and Cæsar shall not mingle rights,
 Nor Christ with Constantine take impious
 share.

Be it decreed by that same sovereign law,
 The nation's will,—that holds the guilty bond
 'Twixt the world's Prince and Spirit of the
 Church, [chains,—
 All interweaved with thousand golden
 Henceforth we sever—thou to thy rightful
 The King invisible, and the State [Lord,
 To its just monarchy abiding fast,
 Not inter-ruling, but supporting each :
 God's one true Church shall be the State's
 High Priest ;
 So Heaven on each shall richer blessing pour,
 And honor, above all, Victoria's crown.

But not into the wilderness like Hagar sent,
 Nor leaving in thy foster lover's home
 The shadow even of another's jealousy,
 There is not—thou art that Sarai herself ;
 And though the rending were in keenest grief
 Behold to vine and olive yards art thou led out,
 As sister now, and dangerously fair.

And thou shalt have a goodly heritage,
 A portion large of land and edifice,
 This portion thine, — to vulgar mention
 brought,—

The millions sterling on thy life endowed
 By loving children from the earliest time,
 (But not of law, nor of fat tithes disgorged)
 Every and all such tribute shall be thine.
 And so all tribute land—old love-gifts true
 Of faithful sons, proved justly, shall be thine ;
 But only these, all others thence restored.

GOD'S ACRES must be His for every man,—
 And with observance seemly will the State
 Give all its children sacred freedom there,
 The dead to rest, the living weep in peace,
 Nor one sad heart be riven there afresh,—
 And death itself shall make it strifeless ground.

Cathedrals and all churches,—save the gifts
 Found pure from the free hand of love, and laid
 Upon thy altar *this century of grace*,—
 Shall be the nation's temples, and of right
 Elected to such holy use as faithful voice
 Predominant in council will appoint.
 So residences all, parochial
 Or Palatial, shall become or thine
 Or not, by the same righteous law.

And for deposit of this heritage,—
 So great even thus, Old Levi's tribes, alas,
 Might rise in judgment—there shall be chosen
 From out thy wisest sons, of orders all—
 Priestly and not—a Conclave fit, to hold
 And well administer,—and to such the State
 With grace Imperial shall the whole commit.
 So wilt thou dwell with honour in the land ;
 And round thee, *with thy sisters*, rise a na-
 tion's shield ;
 Thence Dis-established, but Established more.

THE OLD CHURCH FREE :—

Free! free! A church unbound, a church
 uncrowned!
 An ark become, safe on the rising flood ;—
 She is on the ocean's breast well freighted,
 Not burden'd now with dignities, forsooth,
 But laden for the other shore with fruits,

And carrying her store of life to Heaven ;
 Her mariners an honorable band,
 Ambitious hence to prove her noble form
 In tempest safe, and gallant in the fight ;
 Never afoul of friendly barks 'longside,
 Freighted alike and to one haven bound,—
 But hailing fellowship—in union strong,
 And free, for ever free !! This *may* she be ;
 And God her course speed well.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

What is the Church ? There are some that say
 'Tis the Pope and Cardinals, Friars Grey,
 Many a " Good Father in God " to pray,
 And all who these reverend priests obèy.—
 They, just they.

What is the Church ? There are others tell
 Of a safer fold in which to dwell,
 A little more off from the gates of hell,
 Where all dear children may feel, all's well.—
 They, just they.

What is the Church ? There may e'vn be some,
 Who call it the place where a sacred dome
 Or tower stands high upon brick and stone,
 And sanctified bells do ever say, Come !

There, just there.

What is the Church ? Alas there are, too ;
 Who see the clear light of Heaven ; but who
 Swear, only theirs is the witness true ;
 They are the saintly bride,—the few.—

They, just they.

What is the Church ? Ah what is it not ?
 Not Popish herd that the name hath got,
 Nor fold that any kings adopt,
 Not any name, not any spot—

This, just this,—

God's great temple made of souls,
 Where The Spirit each enrolls,
 Multitudes of different name,
 But their faith and hope the same,—
 All Earth's Saints and Heav'n's in *one*,
 Sects and schisms all unknown ;
 Having faith,—the right divine,
 Without sacrament or sign,—
 Born of God the Spirit, lo !
 What have human hands to do ?
 All redeemed by Him who died,

Bound to Him, to none beside, —
 From all nations gath'ring home,
 Till the Heavenly Bridegroom come,—
 Then *His Bride* for e'er to be,
Bride and Church eternally.

LOWLY JOYS.

Oh, no! I'll never think to dwell
 In halls of pompous pride ;
 Where gilded stones of sorrows tell,
 And weeping hearts inside.

Full many a crest may glitter fair,
 Bright dazzling plumes beside ;
 But what is all that flashes the re,
 To weeping hearts inside ?

And crashing chariots thence may sweep,
 With steeds of stately pride—
 But who would change love's sweet retreat
 For weeping hearts inside.

Ah many a maiden's weary soul, '
Caressed in courtly pride,
Has longed before some cottage fold
For her sweet home inside.

And many a high and noble youth
Whom happiness would guide,
Has lingered 'neath the lowliest roof,
And longed to live inside.

Then shall I ask for castle towers,
And halls of pompous pride?
O, no—a cot in garden-bowers,
And happy hearts inside.

A PAGE FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

They gather by the bright sea-shore,
These many children bands ;
And flit like gay sea-spirits o'er
The mingling rocks and sands.
We love to see how happy they
Begirt the bounding waves,
Without a thought that things so gay
Are thousand children's graves.

How busily they build with care
Their sandy castles high ;
And trenched about, with here and there
A watchtower on the spy.
O, let them learn from joyous play,
Life's castles to defend ;—
Their hearts have many dangers, they
Should early comprehend.—

What run these little feet to find ?
 These eyes keep happy watch ?
 What will the wild waves leave behind
 These ready hands would snatch ?
 Ah, seaweeds strange and beautiful ;
 Those many-trellised flowers,
 That come from ocean-beds to tell
 God's mysteries and powers.

Go, children, these on paper lay,
 With gentle skill press in,
 And leave there, as by painter traced,
 The red, white, brown, and green.
 And then at home in after days,
 These memoirs, often shown,
 Will bring again for happier praise,
 The pleasures that have flown.

And now from sands to rocks and cliffs,
 Where Nature has her throne,
 These little blithe idolators
 Are reverently come—
 And treading light on rugged stone,
 Seize quick, with curious glee,
 The little crab that lives alone,
 And rich anemone ;—

Ah why dost run to any nook
 Thou little hermit crab,

As tho' to hide from human look?
 It is not always bad!
 Teach, if ye may, ye hermit tribe,
 These children of God's grace,
 What time from human gaze to hide,
 And when the world to face.

But homeward! there these tiny feet,
 If ever tired they be,
 May rest them in that rare retreat,
 The lodgings by the sea.
 Here mouths are left to business,
 And tongues are left to glee,
 And happiness is left to all,—
 In the lodgings by the sea.

TO CHILDREN.

Heaven's a sweet land for thee, child—
 Bright the flowers—the breezes mild;—
 Nights so dark and dreary here,
 All are light and lovely there—
 There the wintry winds are o'er,
 Summer shines for evermore.

Heaven's a sweet land for thee, boy—
 Goodly scenes and greatest joy—
 Danger there is all unknown,
 None will weep in that sweet home—
 Death shall ne'er thy songs destroy ;
 Heaven's a sweet land for thee, boy.

Heaven's a sweet land for thee, maid,
 Bright thy hopes they'll never fade—
 Whilst amid the heavenly flowers,
 Thou are counting happy hours :
 Earth too oft thy days will shade—
 Heaven's the bright land for thee, maid.

Come, dear child, yea, come and see—
 What has God prepared for thee ;
 He's not far, too far away—
 Speak, my child,—what wilt thou say ?
 Yet to-morrow you may die—
 Hark ; He calls you from on high.

Jesus—be thy gentle prayer—
 Jesus, my petition hear ;
 Bless me, Lord, and let me see
 How happy 'tis to dwell with Thee.—
 Thine on earth and with Thee e'er ;
 Jesus—my petition hear.

Then He'll guide your little feet
 Gently to the golden street—

Through the fields of heavenly green—
Sweetest brooks and bowers between ;
He will give you all that's there,—
Children more than angels share.

Not alone you'll wander then—
Happier far than happiest men ;
No ! ah no ! in that bright land,
See ! ten thousand children stand ;
Yea—they sing and ask for you—
Jesus comes and asks you too.

Not an hour and then all o'er—
Not a song they'll sing no more—
Lo—'tis *ever* sweet and fair,
Harpers always harping there.
Loud and louder, hark ! they ring !
Children, martyrs, angels sing !

Leave the world ye little feet—
Peace for pain, and Heaven so sweet ;
Wend your way where angels are—
Happier, happier, happier far ;
While the bright hosts ask for you,
While the Saviour asks you too.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Hark ! I hear the Saviour's voice !
Lo ! how soft the whisper plays !
Sweeter far than angels' songs,
Or the harper's golden lays ;
Let the minstrel strike his lyre,
Soon its sweets would die away ;
But if Jesus touch the wire
Endless is the charming lay.

Fain, dear Saviour, would I listen
Oft to whispers so divine ;
While they gently steal across me,
May they tell me I am Thine ;
Then I'd humbly bless Thee, Jesus—
Bid the angels swell their notes ;
This would please Thee, blest Redeemer,
More than rams or bleeding goats.

WALTER'S BIRTHDAY.

A little boy just five years old—
An only brother he—
Had eight dear sisters, I am told,—
One happy family.

These all his bonnie birthday kept
One sunny day in spring,—
'Twas such a time for all the nine,
The very cat might sing.

The presents first at morning came,—
Wheelbarrow large and strong,
And garden tools of every name,
And books of sweetest song.

One handsome little case contained
Knife, fork, and pretty spoon—
That he may be, as you will see,
A little man full soon.

A funny mouse too in a box
 From London sent by Fanny.—
 All wished him joy, that little boy,
 From "Totsy" up to Granny.

And after Father, Mother, all
 Had asked the Lord above them,
 HIS blessing most to give withal,
 And show how HE would love them,—

Then was the play and holiday,
 The shouting and the singing,—
 I'm told they meant with sly intent
 To set the church bells ringing.

But soon that gleesome hour arrived—
 The birthday-pudding time ;
 And now that little boy was five,
 They bade him come to dine.

Blanc-manges, jellies, plums and cream,—
 Nine children and the elders !
 Ah who can tell what there befel !
 'Twas such a time of wonders !

And O, the afternoon did fly !
 They called an hour a minute !
 And so 'twill be, when e'er we try,
 To put so much joy in it.

And thus that little boy went on,
 The bonnie day all through,—
 A good and happy little son,
 And loving brother too.

And in the evening, it was said,
 The Saviour kindly blessed
 That little boy, so tired in bed,
 And kissed him to his rest.

WILT THOU ?

O wilt Thou save the rebellious one ?
 Tell, Jesus, tell.—
 Yes, I have bled for rebellious ones—
 Wilt thou rebel ?

O wilt Thou hear the crying one,
 Fainting with fear ?
 Yes, I have cried to the crying one—
 Hear, sinner, hear.—

And wilt Thou receive th' wandering one,
 Home, Jesus, home ?
 Long have I sought thee, wandering one ;
 Come, penitent, come.—

And wilt Thou care for th' tempted one ?
 Must he perish, must ?
 No—I am strong for the tempted one—
 Trust, beloved, trust.—

O wilt Thou bless the weeping one ?
 Come, Jesus, come.—
 Yea, blessed are they, the weeping ones—
 Home, mourner, home —

Then wilt Thou solace the sorrowing one ?
 Speak, Jesus, speak.—
 I've borne all thy griefs, O sorrowing one—
 Why dost thou weep ?

But wilt Thou hear the desponding one ?
 Say, Jesus, say.—
 Yea, 'tis My name, The Responding One—
 Pray, beloved, pray.—

Alas, wilt Thou save the despairing one ?
 Where shall he flee ?
 To My bosom, O come, despairing one.—
 I have died, I have died, for thee.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O come, let all our souls accord
 To bless His Name—our gracious Lord ;
 In Him do all things live and move,
 God of Eternal Power and Love.

O come, let all the people praise
 His ever kind and bounteous ways ;
 All seasons He hath made, and still
 His faithful word will e'er fulfil.

See the rich grain His hand hath reared ;
 His tender love for all hath cared ;
 And mercies, loading every clime,
 Have filled our stores this Harvest-time.

He bless'd the seed to every soil,
 The sweated brow and hand of toil,—
 The sunshine gave and quickening showers,
 And makes the fruitful harvest ours.

The Poor shall He with bread supply,
 He hearkens for their trustful cry ;
 While His good hand all stores doth keep,
 No hurtful want befalls His sheep.

Adore Him then—The Lord alone :
 Creator, Father, Saviour, One—
 Lo ! how He willed the world to save,
 When His dear Son for men He gave !

So let the heavenly seed be sown
 Of truth and grace in every one ;
 Our souls the WORLD'S LAST HARVEST join,
 In life and glory all divine.

Then let all people praise the Lord,
 All people praise with one accord ;
 So shall the Earth more increase yield,
 And blessings crown the fruitful field.

WEEPERS.

“Weep with them that weep.” *Rom. chap. 12, ver. 15.*

Weepers, weepers, weepers !
 Sufferers all around !—
 Sowers of pain and reapers
 Pressing the parchèd ground !
 What do we for the weepers,
 These that alas must weep ?
 What do we for the reapers,
 These that alas do reap ?

Weeping with them that weep,

This is the loving way—

With them their vigils keep,

Wiping their tears away.

There must be working too,

This is the faithful way—

Do what we all can do,

Help as the feeblest may.

Brethren of Him who died,

Are ye His sad ones tending ?

Shall Jesus be thus denied,

Yours with *His* pity blending ?

Give it—and give yourself too—

What service more truly blest ?

The love He sendeth by you

Is Heav'n for some dear one's breast.

'Tis woful to weep alone—

And heavy the load unshared—

But sweet is the share of a groan,

And help brings blessèd reward.

Perplexity, want and pain—

O seek ye the skill and love,

From these some glory to gain,

To the name of the Lord above.

Ye dare not this service shun—

Nor e'er from the yoke be free—

There's nought in *this day* ye've done,

In *that day* more blessèd shall be.

HUMAN FRATERNITY.

Men are as brethren ;—shall the God that made
 The more respect thee for thy better grade ?
 Would thy proud wisdom fix the severing line
 'Twixt Lazarus *poor* and Dives *half divine* ?
 Let death disclose th' unalterable state,
 Lazarus a prince and Dives poor *too late* ;—
 A peer indeed is he of pure descent
 From the poor Christ,—Heav'n's royal monument,
 Where senseless pride the humbling truth may scan,
 Gold makes a fool but God a noble man.

Has the rude clansman with his burnished skin
 Ne'er felt thy pleasure nor indulged thy sin ?
 The favor'd wealth that plumes thy polished sense
 To him denied, can have no honor thence ;
 One common source—one life—one mortal end,—
 Till Heaven denies he still's thy fellow, friend ;
 This only difference constituted here,
 'Twixt men of sin—and men of faith and prayer ;—
 For order good and government below,
 Some lifted high, and others left as low.
 Move humbly then—be thankful and adore ;
 What others crave has crowned thy happy store.
 Use nobly ; hold thy station well—and live
 As he who freely takes, should freely give.

PRAYER OF A SOLITARY SPIRIT

When my heart beats low with pain,
When the world seems dark and vain,
Fails my strength, and reels my brain—
Father, turn to me.

When my chamber waits to close
Every breath in still repose,
But my heart no resting knows—
Father, watch with me.

When with morning beams I rise
Faintly from my couch, my eyes
Turn to meet the world's surprise—
Father, go with me.

If at morn, or weary eve,
Aught my spirit deeply grieve,
That with *men* I could not leave—
Father, bear with me.

THIS IS THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

Rev. chap. 20, ver. 5.

“Blessed are they which are called unto the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.” *Rev. chap. 19, ver. 9.*

I stood on a holy mountain,
 Where angels met and sang,—
 And the banks of a beautiful fountain,
 With the echo of harpings rang.
 I knew not if glory were breaking,
 Or vision that must not stay—
 But I heard an unearthly speaking,
 “My loved one, come away—
 My loved one, come away.”

It broke not alone o'er that mountain—
 It came not alone to me—
 For multitudes suddenly mounting,
 Sang over the land and sea.
 The archangel trump was ringing,
 “The bridegroom comes calling for thee,”
 And softly I heard a sweet singing,
 “The beautiful bride is free!
 The beautiful bride is free!”

She cometh in garments of glory !
 Behold—she is bride of the King !
 The martyr no longer is gory—
 And th' mourner ariseth to sing.
 Away ! for the world is waving
 Its last farewell to thee !
 And ceased is the battle's braving—
 “ The beautiful bride is free !
 The beautiful bride is free ! ”

Not a sorrow is seen at the parting !
 In rapture how could she weep !
 For the chariot of glory is starting
 Through the bridal halls to sweep.
 She has left not a ray behind her,
 In midnight is mourning there—
 And where shall the weeping find her ?
 They never will greet her here—
 They never will greet her here.

Who reineth the steeds enrampant ?
 Who deigns in the glory to ride ?
 Ten thousand, ten thousand triumphant,
 And th' Bridegroom is come with His bride !
 Hail, Jesus ! the suns rise with singing,
 The stars for thy bridal prepare,
 The sweet bells of Heav'n are all ringing ;
 ‘Tis glory indeed to be there !
 ‘Tis glory indeed to be there !

Ye gates of the mansion surrounding,
 Ye golden gates silently close !
 For th' Lamb to His bosom hath bound Him,
 His lovely, His beautiful spouse !
 She is His—who was wounded and gory !
 She is His ! for the marriage is past !
 She is mine ! saith the Lord in His glory ;
 And I am the first and the last !
 And I am the first and the last !

He girdeth His garments around her,
 Hark ! break not His whispers of love—
 He tells how He wept where He found her,
 For joy to be with her above ;
 He hath not the voice of reproving,
 His judgment hath perfected all ;
 'Tis loving, eternally loving,
 'Tis sov'reign grace resting on all,
 'Tis sov'reign grace resting on all.

No more could I hear the sweet singing,
 The voices went far in the way—
 But I know that th' morning is bringing,
 The raptures indeed of that day.
 Then well may the world be musing—
 And well may the virgins wait—
 For suddenly comes the confusing,
 Awake—to thy judgment awake !
 Awake—to thy judgment awake !

SPIRITS AT NIGHT.

Led by the silent charms of night,
How many spirits seem
From Heaven to wing their kindly flight,
And bless my earthly dream.—
I'm all unconscious to the power
Of life's too heavy woes,
And welcome in that happy hour
The raptures of repose.

There is no sound,—and yet there come
Sweet voices from the past ;
And as unseen are these bright ones,
Unheard their whispers pass.
But O the heart sends out its love
To meet the love of those,
Who long have felt so far above
The raptures of repose.

They may not prize sweet Cynthia's light,
To us so fondly fair—
For glorious they in God's pure light,
They are as sunbeams there,—

But O, not high, too high, their state,
 That mortals may not know
 In hours with peaceful joys elate,
 They're with us e'en below.

And in my heart I feel the thrill
 Of spirits' music near—
 And troubled life's deep throes are still,
 Are still where spirits are.—
 O stay, sweet melody of Heaven !
 Stay in this life of woes,—
 To breathe o'er hearts bereft and riven
 The raptures of repose.

SUBMISSION IN AFFLICTION.

I come to lay my soul and all it feels
 Down at Thy feet, my God—it must be there—
 For who the weary wounded spirit heals
 But Thou, who bidd'st me cast on Thee my care ?
 I do it Lord—though weeping still I wait
 To see Thee stoop, Thou wilt come down—
 And bearing to Thy bosom every weight,
 Wilt give this sorrowing soul the joy Thine own.
 And though Thou should'st with oft severest pang
 In wisdom as Thou strikest, wound me yet—
 Teach me to know whate'er Thou giv'st is gain—
 Nor dare to murmur, nor Thy love forget.

AFTER MY SISTER'S DEATH.

She sleeps ;—she is not dead—but lives
 In Glory—and sweet earnest gives
 Of happiest re-union ;
 In Heaven, on Earth, they still are one
 Whose spirits cannot separate move—
 One life in Christ, one soul of love.

Ah, sacred shade of one most dear !—
 My sister still, mine ever near !
 A moment lost and Heaven thee found
 Treading with bliss immortal ground,—
 I'm with thee there and thou with me,
 Blest in our soul's deep company.

How sad the hour *thou* couldst not tell
 When our hearts stricken wept farewell—
 Thy spirit felt too much the power
 Eternal in that final hour—
 And while in life how can we know
 What then to thee was all below.

Yet *had'st* thou felt one passing thought,
Of *how* we loved, yet told thee not,—
Or known how we, as ne'er before,
Felt thy blest worth, then ours no more,—
Thou had'st not passed in peace away,
But dared ev'n death's strong hand to stay.

But brightly to the land immortal
Thou art gone, and at the portal
We have been waiting—O how long !
Even as though we heard thy song ;
And as though to Heaven so near,
We sooner then might enter there.

Great God ! how gracious and how wise !
Awhile Thou bidd'st our spirits rise
To see the land where loved ones go,
Their Heaven and our bright hopes to know,—
Then bringest us back to mortal strife,
Strong for the victories of life.

EARLY DEATH.

Ah, would'st thou know the reason why
 The sweetest fade so soon ?
 Or how the soft and silver'd eye
 Decayeth ere 'tis noon ?
 These heavenly guests are only sent
 As spring-flowers on the tomb ;
 They live the life for which they're lent,
 They do not die too soon.

But oh ! I see some mother weep,
 Her early hope is torn ,
 And now the blasting wind to meet
 She sitteth down to mourn ;—
 O lift that gloomy shroud from thee !
 Who gave shall take the boon ;—
 The bud was beautiful to see,
 But did not die too soon.

Ah, would'st thou know the reason why
 Must fall the fairest first ?
 They cannot bear a burning sky,
 Nor when the storm shall burst.
 The lily blooms with lovelier grace
 Beneath some sheltering tree,
 And Heaven's the only lovely place,
 Where purer minds may be.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

THE GLORY OF GOD!! What meaneth it ?
 Hath the tongue of an angel said ;
 Is it writ on the Heav'ns—or revealeth it
 Th' mysterious voice of the dead ?

Hath a little child got the wisdom here ?
 Or the ancients of earth, have they ?
 In the spirit of man doth th' essence appear,
 Or its sign in the light of day ?

It ne'er hath been whispered by voice divine,
 Nor blazoned by light of the sky ;
 By dead nor by living—by spirit nor sign—
 What meaneth the glory on high.

THE GLORY OF GOD!! saith language more ?
 Can the thoughts of the Earth draw near
 The infinite glory of Him we adore,
 And Him Who that glory doth wear ?

HE WEEPS TOO MUCH. . . .

He weeps too much who weeps at all,
 O'er earthly loss repining,—
 Life's greatest loss can be but small
 When life's so fast declining.

Great are the cares and sad the scenes,—
 From foolish fears arising ;
 Half this world's woes had never been,
 But for our hearts' devising.

It ne'er hath sped to-morrow well
 To pass this day bemoaning—
 For half its strength is given to dwell
 On sorrows never coming.

And he who clouds a golden sky,
 Or darker makes a clouded,—
 Will pass hope's beaming landscape by,
 For ever sad and shrouded.

He weeps too much who weeps at all,
 O'er earthly loss repining ;
 One only fear should time befall—
 The higher life's declining.

TO A FLY DROWNING IN CIDER.

Ah! wondrous help is hovering nigh—
 I'll save you drowning, little fly—
 Nor e'er exult to see you die—
 Tho' floating in a liquid sky
 Of luscious juice,
 I doubt not you had rather fly
 In ether spruce.

You're surely small and cannot brave
 The turbulent, narcotic wave,
 That spreads from shore to shore its grave
 To gulph you in ;
 Little captive cease thy waving,
 Other hands than thine are saving
 Thee, I ween.

Life to thee is truest pleasure,
 Happy insect! take the treasure,
 Without pain and without measure
 Flee away ;—
 Sip the dew the woodbine stayeth,
 There for thee a sister strayeth,
 And the buzz of evening playeth—
 Flee away.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas Tree ; the Christmas Tree ;
 Come look on its smiling pride,—
 Its boughs are hung all heavily
 With blessings of Christmas tide.—
 Here's promise fair for the joyous young,
 And mem'ries sweet for the old ;
 The Christmas Tree, O the Christmas Tree,
 Bringeth brighter mirth than gold.

It stood where the storm beat terribly
 Away in the forest wild ;
 'Tis come to be decked in fairy robes
 For the glee of the little child.
 And let our spirit be changéd too,
 'Till brought to that gentler heaven,
 Where the " Tree of Life," for ever grew,
 By rough winds never riven.

Lift then the voice of glory high,
 'Till angels shall catch the strains—
 The music's still in the spirit sky
 That rang o'er Ephratah's plains.
 Hosannahs round the Christmas Tree,
 And come ye, these fruits approve ;
 For the Christmas Tree, the Christmas Tree,
 Hath its bloom from the land above.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Bright, bright are the halls of our ancient land !
And gay are the courts of her castles grand !
Her sweet homes are beaming with light of mirth,
And the scattered are come to their fathers' hearth ;
Are come, are come, and cheerily bring,
The welcomest joys of Christmasing !

Stilly the snow drifts o'er mountain and moor,
And beats to the hearts of the homeless poor,—
No lot in life's cheer, no bounties have they,
While the lord and the yeoman are feasting and gay ;
But tell, O tell ! kind charities bring
The welcomest joys of Christmasing !

All hail then the cheer of dear Albion's homes !
The scenes of her glory when Christmas comes !
The angel of peace and good will to men,
Shall lead the deep tones of our festal strain ;
And the light of His smile shall sweetly bring
The welcomest joys of Christmasing.

If some be not with us that were in the past,
We'll joyously think of one meeting—the last !—
And cheerily speak of the mansions above
Their bright halls of glory, their raptures of love.
And there ! O ! there ! we'll evermore sing,
The welcomest joys of Christmasing !

THE LOOK OF DESPAIR.

There is a torment on the brow,
 A sullen shadowing of woe—
 A stillness that the stiller set
 Declares the deeper the effect—
 A horrid portraiture of pain,
 You may not paint nor see again,—
 That asks not, needs not, thee to know
 The ravaging of care below ;
 That has a hue . . . ,—behold the rose
 Wither'd and whiten'd where it grows,
 That will defy the sweetest shower,
 Or all the majesty of power,—
 So sadly set, so deeply sure—
 Thou seest, but should'st ask no more.

 DEPENDENCE ON GOD,

Depend on no one but thyself and God ;—
 Thy friend would aid thee, but his own life-load
 Lies heavy on him, and the faithful tear
 Flows to his own deep heart, an ocean there ;—
 Then look on high, and with thyself debate
 How *most* to trust *His* care in *every* state ;
 Yet with thy heart and all thy might pursue
 The work in life 'tis given thee to do ;—
 Worker together with thy God above,
 Thy burden shall be light—thy labour, love.

TIME.

This is no time to waste time—
Precious are the hours ;
Little is the longest time—
Mighty are its powers.

Like the awful hurricane
Sweeping o'er the sand—
Time sweeps over mortal men
Hurrying from the land.

Like the voice of widowhood
Wailing o'er her dead—
Wasted hours have ever stood
By a dying bed.

Louder than the mother's cry,
Childless in despair—
In the land where lost hours fly
Wail they ever there.

More vehement on the winds,
Than the battle's shout—
Moments call to mighty minds
On their wingéd route.

Brighter than the golden beam
 On the crystal sea—
 One hour rightly spent will seem
 In eternity.—

'Tis not a time to waste time,
 Dark the distant lowers—
 Rouse thee while it is time,
 Mighty are thy powers.

Waste it not in fruitless gain—
 Waste it not in wine—
 'Tis Heav'n's everlasting claim,
 All thou hast is Mine.

STANZA.

The cloud may hide a brighter gem
 Than glitters on the crown—
 The troubled waves that sweep the bank
 Do leave the diamonds round.
 Then firmly hold the margin sod,
 Till sorrow's tide has pass'd ;
 And on the glittering sandbank's breast
 Joy's sweetest pearls are cast ;
 And thou in fullest bliss shalt raise
 The veil of grief, the hymn of praise.

LONDON.

What rare intelligence may comprehend
Thee, Mighty London, Essence of a world !
Or what deep reverie of thought may reach
But distant sight and leave thee unrevered !
How vast, how complex, and how wonderful !
How true to human glory, yet unlike
What erst He saw, when lo ! creation spake,
And the new hills uprising saw on earth
No habitant, fair valleys smiled unseen,
And all was vast and holy without man !

Yet great epitome of good and ill,
Let me but read thee and I've read enough,
Hence only needing Paradise to see,
And feel the wonders of celestial life.

Go, curious searcher after all of earth,
Find something strange on mountain or in mine,
In the long-buried city, or in stream
Whose waters whisper only unto God,—
Make intercourse with men of every clime,
Speak to the savage in his own domain,

Greet all the charmed communities of life,
 Wander with nature through Elysian scenes,
 Have audience with Kings and talk with power,
 And be the guest of science, art and pride,—
 Then say of all Earth's strange variety
 Hath ought been unrepresented here,
 Or tribe in the great family of man
 Untended in this cradle of the world ?

How honor'd then to bear the Sovereign rule
 O'er such an Empire that has such a seat !
 And seat most honor'd that thou sittest there
 With smile of Heaven on earthly royalty !

Nor unmemorialed they who lead the state,
 And with deputed sceptre from her hand
 Sway the high destinies of Imperial power :
 These wait on ages for the crown they meed—
 And these Britannia shall with honor own
 As wisdom, truth, and excellence appear,
 Unheeding the small consequence of names.

But London ! thee we sing ; what lordly power
 Speaks in thy very name ! thyself a song,
 And never wearying the world's dull ear !
 A mighty reasoner—a trumpet blast,
 Calling to war, to harmony, to hope,
 And listened for by every ear on earth.

I stand before thy gates,-not crumbling wood,
 Nor falling stone, nor the steeled massive bar—
 These only were, but not thy guardians now ;
 How needest or could'st thou be confined :
 O who shall fain to image thee destroyed,
 Or e'er to save thee would build gates to Heaven ?
 Thy power within is fortress for a world—
 Thy gates are thousand public entrances,
 Well sentinel'd and guarded by thy name ;
 The influx of the intercourse of earth
 Floods these politely, and with awed regard
 Bears universal fealty to thee.

Vast comprehension of immensity !
 In what far line or boundary art thou set ?
 Where does thy being cease to permeate ?
 Thou more than Babylonian monarchy !
 Thou monarchy of might and magnitude !
 Who has viewed more than moiety of thee
 Through weary days of wondering research ?
 Or thought or told the half of all thou art ?

And dare I see in thee the fate of all,
 Thy glory to decay and thou not be ?
 Pity left weeping on thy desolate stones
 The loving walks of oft-returning ghosts
 Recounting saddened and sweet memories,
 All lone ! unvisited and undisturbed ?

I will not! yet to Power Supernal bow;—
 If such can be, it must come swiftly thence ;
 Sodom, Nineveh, or Palmyra again.

Lo! these fair courts of symbolled holiness,
 The thousands of her living temple-homes
 With beacon hands all signalling to Heaven !
 The lineaments of One Adoring Faith !
 List! from within what myriad tongues of fire !
 Through the great din their still small voices rise,
 And prevalent the pleading reaches God.

I cannot think of thee but in ideal—
 To be what thou art had not seemed of man ;
 He cannot contemplate his littleness,
 And understand the work that he has done.
 How ordered all his plans,—how moved his force—
 Made earth, and every element his tool—
 How builded with the feebleness of clay
 More during monument than himself was made,—
 How dived into the secret caves of thought,
 And fashioned miracles for human toil,—
 Worked fame in days coeval with all time,
 Shaping the course of this last miracle,
 The consummation of terrene surprise—
 Great London, Sovereign wonder of the world!

Not wondrous only that to yonder skies
 Of crystal palaces and celestial fields,
 From the bright hills of that translucent clime

This spot of rich magnificence appears
 The nucleus scene of the proud pomp of earth,
 Arrayed in colonnades and palaces,
 Fair mansions and fine towers, vast labyrinths,
 Unterminating streets and cloistered aisles,
 Far-reaching wharves and stately capitols,
 The walks of beauty in her rural parks,
 And that rich tide by freighted ships o'er-spanned,
 Burdened with offerings from every shore,
 And bridged mid-air for the swift rush of power,
 Swifter than thunderbolt of heathen god,—
 Not wondrous only for array so famed,
 But for thy living might, thy heart of men,
 And concourse all illimitable of souls.
 That these, so many and so varied, met,
 Should make one marvellous edifice of life,
 And move in order and in enterprise
 As countless agents of one soul alone,
 Each his own end pursuing, and yet each
 To the great all contributing himself,
 Till, lo! the structure rearing to the skies,
 Speaks eloquently how man's interests
 And his most strong cohesion raised him there.

Fair emblem thou and portraiture of life,
 Great city! thronged and beating as the heart
 At full of overwrought enthusiast,—
 Or his conflicted with ten thousand throes

Of alternating agony and hope,
Or burdened with the weight of shiftless cares.

What meeting infinite of human states!
Of hopes and fears, of pleasures and regrets,
Of joys and sorrows, solitudes and crowds,
Of aims, ambitions, rivalries, and pride,
Of ruined glory and re-built fame,
Honor and shame, magnificence and want,
Cold disregard and kind philanthropy,
Sweet piety and love, and foul disgrace,
And all the issues of the human heart—
The shadowings of earth and signs of Heaven.

So art thou vast, beyond conception vast ;
Conglomeration and co-incidence
Of all estates, all times, all histories ;
And in thee live the mysteries of a world,
Secret and mighty as the hidden will
Working eternal issues in the breast,
And moving by unseen attendances
Earth and even Heaven to wonder and admire.

THE SCEPTIC.

Proud sceptic boast—and then divine thyself,
 Incomprehensible! Look to the sky,
 Behold the host of witnesses around,
 Grandly beyond the eloquence of speech,
 And as befits thee, wonder and adore!
 And marvel yet again,—the tiny fly
 Spoils thy poor boastful creed—he walks with strength
 As perfect as thine own, and every pulse
 Beats freely at his will—he stands or treads,
 Or flies or feedeth now, and not a mar
 In all the varied harmony—he breathes
 The air that feedeth thee, then on the tenth
 Division of thy hand repairs his seat
 And moves in latitude;—strange that such power
 Should act in smallest parts—such skill involved
 Miraculously there—that he who looks
 Can scarcely mark its place,—but marvel most
 That he who crowns with intellect his gaze
 Should doubt who made it thus.—The very God
 Lives in this living mite—and as His work

Delights to linger there, and call from man
 His lowly thankfulness—That He who raised
 The insect to His care and giveth worlds
 And angels their import—is great and good,
 And marvellously kind—and glorious still
 In all His secret works—and greatest praised
 In that which seemeth least—that ever He
 By highest man should be most glorified.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

“If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”—
1 John chap. 2, ver. 15.

“Ye adulterers and adulteresses—know ye not that the friendship of
 the world is enmity with God.”—*James chap. 4, ver. 4.*

O ye, the ransomed of Jehovah's Son,
 And called disciples of the Christ of God,
 And heirs of glory with the Risen One—
 Stand to the charge, and hearken to His word !
 Love not the world—ye are not kin of it ;
 Love not the world—yours is the world above ;
 Love not the world—for Christ is not in it ;
 Love not the world—and lose your Father's love.
 Love not its pleasant things—the lustful eye
 May well love these, alas 'tis all its pride ;
 But thy saved spirit o'er the scene should sigh
 Standing by-side thy Lord, The Crucified.

He is not in the dance, nor in the din
 Of worldly song—nor in the concourse gay,
 Nor holy fashion's show,—such *harmless* sin
 Is of the world's own god, his children they ;

But ye are not of these—sons of the light,
 Children of day, ye are of Christ and God !
 Can ye wear garments of unsullied white
 'Mid joys not sprinkled with *the precious blood* ?

Shall we be sharers in unhallowed spoil
 Stol'n from the world's, alas, too friendly camp ?
 Is it no harm, no harm, His name to soil
 In any scene that has the world's fair stamp ?

And O, the woe, the peril of that snare
 That brings the world within our sacred homes !
 And there, ah there, though all denied elsewhere,
 Slays the sweet spirits of our dearest ones !

The air of home, so unimpressed with love !
 The voice of home, so uninspired by prayer !
 The life of home, so dead to life above !
 The company of home, and Christ not there !

Book upon book, and volumes all devoured,
 Dainty and spiced, the fruit the serpent brings ;—
 Dance after dance, to learn the fearful power
 Of being admired in sin's most wanton things.

Daughters of Eve, and ye of Adam's sons
 Who mourn at all their Eden lost so soon,
 Beware, beware, weep for your dearest ones ;
 Their heaven alas is sooner lost and gone !

And ye, the servants of your jealous Lord,
 Unwatchful Church—stand by thy breachèd walls,—
 The prince of this world cometh for thy sword ;
 His sign already on thy altar falls !

By pride he fell—is this thy deadly sin ?
 By stratagem he rules—art thou aware ?
 Hast thou the world by his device let in ?
 Expediency his plea and thine the snare.

The Church's love, is it of Christly kind ?
 The Church's service, is it with single eye ?
 The Church's worship, is it indeed Divine ?
 Is she the Bride that feels her Bridegroom nigh ?

Awake ! awake ! put on thy Queenly power !
 Shake off thy sin by worldly love beguiled !
 Wilt thou play harlot at the bridal hour ?
 O come ye forth, and meet Him undefiled !

AT THE
DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

O England ! now with thee Jehovah pleads
 And all the sad persuasiveness of grief !
 A widow in the land—of monarchs chief—
 Most loved, most honor'd, with her kingdom pleads !
 Close to thy heart th' o'er-whelming voice has come,
 Thy lone Queen weeping and thy Albert gone.

O Thames sweep gently on by Windsor's tomb !
 Waters that erst upon their happy tide
 Bore on the Royal smile, a nation's pride,
 To the world's great emporium—now gloom
 O'er-shade thee—wail, as on thou runnest—wail ;
 Bid commerce weep, tell to the sea thy tale,

Albert is gone—he who thy classic tide
 Was wont to grace with freights of golden fruit,
 The ripened harvest of his high pursuit,
 Science and virtue, peace and power allied—
 Is gone—gone as thou goest—passed away ;
 Hurried to life's vast deep ; here, spirits may
 But moments linger—passing—passed away.

Ye hallowed hills of England—still with clouds
Your summits far surround, and let them weep ;
Ye listening groves, while the low night-winds sweep,
Lift your sad wail—bid nature mourn aloud :
And all ye homes of England, proudly tell
Where the loved Albert ruled and where he fell ;
Tell of Victoria,—weeping, praying, tell.

O mighty Father ! of all souls, The Soul !
Ocean of life—eternity's deep rest !
Thyself Heaven's love ! we bow to Thy behest !
He whom a kingdom loved, Thou would'st enrol,
In higher majesty a king : we pray
Come thou to Albion's throne, and let her day
Yet brighten more—her Queen thy mercy stay ?

ON MY WIFE'S RECOVERY FROM ALARMING SICKNESS.

“Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”—*Psalm 50, ver. 15.*

Thou gavest me a precious gift, my God—
And in Thy love so tenderly did'st keep
The priceless treasure chained within my heart
I did not dream its loss I e'er should weep.

And Thou wast merciful—but soon did'st try
The golden linkings to my heart of love,
If they would let the fondling captive fly,
Submissively, to sweeter rest above.

They only yielded ; Ah, they could not break !
Lord, it was love ! Thou knowest all its power !
It were impossible such cup to take ;—
And yet,—there came the all-submissive hour.

'Twas done—the costly offering I gave ;
On the same altar too I'd weep away,
And Thou our re-united souls should'st have
Before Thy Throne for ever night and day.

But ah, not so ! I must remain and weep
 Among the motherless and desolate ;
And neath her spirit's loving watch must keep
 The stricken nestlings from their orphan fate.

My God, I was thy child, and bowed my head
 Obedient to Thy will—let it be done ;—
'Twas a true sacrifice—and, O, instead
 Thou took'st my heart and spared my dearest one.

So on Moriah's Mount, Thy yearning love
 Gave Isaac back to him thou called'st friend ;
So all Thy tempted saints that grace shall prove,
 When in their *hearts* Thy purpose hath its end.

HYPOCRISY IN FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! of all deceiving rob me,
 Let me ne'er assume the friend ;
 Ne'er profess affection only,
 That to-morrow's wish may end.

Be it mine on time's swift river,
 Breathing every friendly gale,
 To be caught by zephyr never,
 That may kiss, then rend my sail.

Better dark be tide and tempest,
 With one faithful hand to steer ;
 Than on streams where thousands tempt us,
 With the sunshine of a year.

Better calmly keep thy vessel
 'Mid such barks thou may'st defend,
 Than to steer by court and castle,
 Fill and sink and . . . need a friend.

Oh! ye crowd of vain deceivers!
 Ye who proffer hand and lip!
 Deck your halls with pomp as Cæsar's,—
 But—beware—there's judgment yet.

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

We have met, but we part—we have enjoy'd
 A bond, soon sever'd, but still undestroy'd.—
 Heaven now directs a distant way for thee,
 But in that distant way thou'lt walk with me—
 If now I hold thee truly at the soul,
 We know no distance sent from pole to pole ;
 No tropic clime, nor frigid zone, nor fair,
 Can stay the love exchanged, exchanging e'er—
 And souls withdrawn from life's tumultuous noise
 Will waft o'er genial seas their kindred joys—
 Catch each swift gale that speeds to other's home,
 And load it with affection's fondest tone—
 While memory strong shall stand with sweet regret,
 O'er those together once—together yet ;
 This then my pledge at friendship's altar sworn—
 I write adieu—but feel we're ever one.

And now the disuniting pang may prove
 The first vibration of more faithful love—
 As tender vines, in fond luxuriance born,
 Wither, or cling more closely from the storm—
 So be our interest what no shock shall sever
 In each, in Christ, unchanging, and for ever.

Yet now, good bye—long fare thee, fare-thee-well—
 Heav'n keep thee happier than thy friend can tell—
 That lesser ills that little men annoy
 May never stay thy course, nor spoil thy joy ;
 That one great aim—and to that every one
 A sacrifice—conduct and call thee on,—
 That thou may'st end the toil of earthly life
 A man without regret and without strife—
 An heir that sees the Invisible his own,
 Waiting with crowns to seat him on a throne—
 A soul that would not wish another hour
 To mend one faithless fall—one evil power ;
 But well prepared for all th' angelic swell,
 When thy loved Lord shall say—Thou hast done well.

Thus keep thy life contingent on its end,
 Thus should a nobler life each being spend—
 And we should part—forgetting more the pain
 Than this—we may, we must soon meet again.
 But if delayed—thy duty this and mine,
 In every place, in every part to shine—
 To lend some counsel to some simpler one,
 To do some deed the better for being done ;
 In lesser actions grow the greater friend,
 In greater movements serve the greatest end ;
 And that pursue, which being won, is worth
 The toil we thought not when the thing had birth ;
 Less courting favor than bestowing much,

Our duty done what matters meaner stuff?
 And prove to all, whatever all may do,
 We have one righteous course and will pursue;
 And mid'st the hurrying horrors of mankind,
 Their sense far onward—but their souls behind;
 Not speeding less would I or thee be seen,
 But mark'd for wiser steps and heavenly mien;
 A soul that circulates in numerous veins [pains.—
 Through chill'd and tortured souls, and soothes their
 Regarding much the disregarded here,
 And when most hurried, hinder'd by a tear,—
 Ne'er pampering meanly, proud in no increase,
 Nor humbler with the great than with the least,—
 But noble, generous, and candid, ever,
 Make life a great resolve—and break it never.

ODE TO MY NATIVE RIVER.

Ah blissful vale! Ah rill beloved by me!
 Ye genial groves that shade the sultry lea!
 Ye distant hills that crown the varied scene!—
 How rich thy beauty; gold and emerald green!

 Sweet murmuring rill! that glides in circles on—
 How oft at eve I've echoed to thy song!
 How oft along thy grassy margin trod
 And felt each note a warble to my God!

Again I've seen thee roll in seeming ire,
And swell thy thunders o'er the vocal choir ;
Yet soon, blest stream, ere twilight veils the sky—
Thou play'st as gently as an infant by.

Oft would the ruddy school-boy plunge thee o'er,
And buoyant float on crystal waves ashore ;
No lurking danger knows his youthful breast,
On thy soft waves he lulls his all to rest ;

Nor thinks thy glassy circles hide the pool
Where peril lingers ; in thy fragrant cool
Fain would he live, nor from thy margin stray,
Till nightly shadows drive departing day.

I ask not Neptune, with his trident sway,
Nor aqueous nymph implore ; thy wanton play
Demands Omnipotence ; His potent rod I crave,
To guard the little band that trusts thy wave.

Yon bleating herds do bless thee ; they retire
From where the sunbeams vent their scorching fire,
Grateful, to thee, in cooling tides to lave ;
And quaff the life-draught from thy limpid wave.

And many an hour when gloomy care has press'd
The heaving soul, at pleasure's kind behest,
I've strayed, and sweetly by thy flowing deep,
Each pain has flown, each fancy ceased to weep.

THE TIMES.

(Reflections)

The Times, Immortal Times, are come—and thou
Great spell of impotence, fond Ease, begone ;
They wake thee, drive thee from thy downy throne,—
And men must rise and clear Time's clouded brow,
And see what cares beset it,—for his eye
Speaks anguish, and his voice is mystery.

O Thou who bad'st from thy Eternal Fount,
The little streamlet of Earth's time to run—
And lighted'st its first rising with the sun
Of beauty and of brightness—bid me mount
On some high cliff of undiminished light,
And read this deep dark river in thy sight ;

This deep dark tide of old mortality,
Moaning and surging o'er a thousand rocks,
That urge it to the ocean—like the shocks
Of rough disease to dying men may be ;—
Here let me stand the storm-tossed tide to view,
Ere God new heavens shall make, and earth renew.

First, Holy Oracle, thy page shall tell ;
 Judge of all judges—of all teachers best—
 Mirror of truth by every fact confessed,—
 Thy light shall clear where else all darkness dwells ;
 And on the roll of earth's bright future show
 What rules the Courts above, the Times below.

Thus saith Omniscience ; In these last great days—
 Decreed by Heav'n's first laws to be the sign
 Of happiest age, as night of morning prime,
 And to fulfil deep mysteries and ways
 Hereafter glorious—shall be perils great,
 Fearful alarms and pangs of mortal state ;—

But lo ! the fig tree, passed through winter's chill,
 And all creation's torpor from her veins
 Fast hastening, grateful now, to vernal rains
 Re-opened, puts forth tender bud, and will
 Soon blossom, then knowest thou summer's near ;
 So speeds earth's summer when these signs appear—

Wars and sad rumours ; strongest hearts bowed down
 With fear and dark misgiving and the thought
 Of universal crisis ;—wisdom brought
 But brought in vain to make Time's mystery known ;
 Thronedoms unthroned and Kings with Kings perplexed,
 Fresh youth grown weary and old age distressed.

Mighty Messiah ! thus Thy Kingdom comes,
 All glorious from the unseen mount of Heaven,

Sped with swift lightnings, by deep thunders driven;—
 Assyrian, Persian, Grecian and proud Rome's,
 Where now? O pomp for ever past!—so soon
 Earth's prayer be answered and His Kingdom come.

Yet waits He still—and by the opening gates
 Of highest Paradise expectant stay
 The myriad hosts of light, that erst gave way
 For His blest exit to our lost estate
 Not following—now, Heaven's guard appointed,
 And cohorts bright of Him, the King anointed.

O Earth! O Earth! lift then thy hoary head,
 Thy venerable locks shall be made bright
 With glory, and far suns of rarest light,
 Dimly in their effulgence shall be led
 With myriad stars all worshipping to thee,
 Where their Creator and thy Lord shall be.

Nor proud Saturnus nor far Herschel's star,
 Nor he, the gorgeous Jove of solar skies,
 Nor love's bright maiden Queen, as wont shall rise—
 Nor he the fiery King of ghastly war—
 But round thy centre, Earth, where Heav'n's bright Sun
 His glorious courts shall raise, their courses run.

But now, O tutelary saint of earth,
 Kind Pity, mourn! on Hope's high watch-tower set
 To crave some respite for our world ev'n yet!
 O mourn, and while the womb of time gives birth

To woes new-born and the last pangs of fear,
Speed Heaven's kind angels on their mission here!

Sad, ancient land! thy glory who shall sing?
That was, and is not, but again shall be—
Jerusalem, unnumbered with the free!
What ghastly fiend broods with fright'ning wing
Upon thy deathly coasts? O Judah, what?
Mahomet or thy crime?—and knowest thou not?
But Ah, there's mystery in the night of time;
From far thy sons are waking;—sounds of life
Rise louder from the nations' mortal strife;
Thy first light streaks the sky—and the first chime
Of hearts' sweet music for thy Temple courts is come;
Jehovah calls His wandering people home!
Home, weeping Judah, to thy Fathers' land!
And to your glorious House ye priests return!
The Victim has been slain, and now shall burn
Your grateful incense, 'tis the great command;
Your Holy House and beautiful shall rise,
With Israel's triumph to the listening skies.

No more shall then thy ill-bred neighbour taunt,
Nor call thee "Jew" in epithet of scorn;
Nor tyrant spoil the race of Abraham born;
Nor Hebrew patriarch hear the proud avaunt:—
Thy youths with glory and thy maids with grace
Shall spread the honours of thy high-born race.

So God shall vindicate His Gracious will,
 Sole Sovereignty of Earth's submissive fate ;
 Whom He hath chose, may well His mercy wait ;
 Hath He declared, and shall He not fulfil ?
 Then let convulsive dynasties beware,
 The oppressèd now shall rise as princes there.

Hid is the fate of nations, but decay
 Slavery or ruin waiteth upon kings ;
 And age brings low the loftiest of things !
 What in these times account we of the sway
 Of any Cæsar ? what some moments hence
 Of despots now, or tyrants' proud pretence ?

Power deals no dread that shall not be its own ;—
 Know, ye usurpers of The Mightiest's right,
 Power is a solemn privilege, the height
 Of mortal stewardship, and The Almighty's throne
 Is your appeal—His judgment seat your fear,—
 What if He strike not now ? He judgeth there.

This only kingdom shall the ruin stand
 Of earth's great overthrow by Hand Unseen—
 If then such kingdom be—whose voice hath been
 In all her councils, *truth*—a Godly land
 Of rule benign, yet strong in sacred power—
 From faction free, from luxury, and from war.

There Earth's Sweet Day of Rest smiles evermore—
 Her hallowing sons the Heavenly blessings hail—

And when bleak storms o'er godless lands shall wail,
 Her temple-sounds shall swell from shore to shore—
 And well at rest shall send o'er farthest seas,
 Her laws of virtue and her rules of peace.

Ye courts of favor'd West ! in power's high place
 Throned universal, and to whom impelled,
 Bow Empires, Kingdoms and proud States, fast held
 In sullen reverence by thy laws or grace—
 Great Europe ! say, on what high throne hath stood
 This blest pre-eminence of *being good*.

.
 But Great Infallible—on Tiber set !
 Thee only, of all potentates, divine !
 And Pope of Popes, we hail Thee, O Sublime !
 Most Reverend Father ! sad and weeping yet !
 Why frets thy holy heart—thy heavenly sense ?
 Does conscience fail thee—or do Peter's pence ?
 Are then these times prevenient, that thou
 From Rome's dark caves dost send thy dismal howl ?
 And with expiring rage presume to scowl,
 Poor Pius, on Heaven's sainted hosts—that bow
 To One High Mediator, and The King
 Soon coming, thy last punishment to bring ?
 O that the earth were wise and nations saw
 Ev'n the dim light of Old Philosophy,—
 Nor were from Heaven so far they may not see,
 Nor learn so late this undisputed law,—

To Cæsar, his—earth's tribute, give—its Lord ;
 But all thy worship, all thy soul, to God.

Poor victim, Spain ! beneath her fostering skies,
 High favored, how should every virtue grow !
 Nature's rich crown sits proudly on her brow—
 Where fertile hills from golden valleys rise ;
 And fruits unrealed in sweet luxuriance bear
 Celestial incense through the perfumed air.

But O, kind nature, why such lavish charms ?
 Such bounty buried 'neath oblivious crimes ?
 Where mortals mock thy goodness—too sublime ;
 And rulers lift 'gainst truth their vengeful arms !
 Where mind immortal, sunk in piteous gloom,
 Bows to the Black Inquisitor of Rome.

Woe then, Hispania ! Shaded as with night !
 With night o'ershadowing as with a pall !
 Or whether light made darkness does thee thrall
 Or fouler Antichrist's infernal might !
 To thee, O land, O grave of spirits, woe !
 Angels beholding, earth and Heav'n cry, woe !

Ah, lovelier verdure of the human heart !
 Thy happier vales how sweet ! and brighter hills ;
 Thy beauty borne on thousand sparkling rills !
 Hail, heavenly landscape, wheresoe'er thou art !
 And mourn, cold earth,—weep, every hill and grove,
 And languish for the Heavenly smile of love.

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Lo! the red East—where the Foul Prophet's blast
 Scorches earth's fairest fields and finest scenes,
 And all portentous shoots his sulphurous gleams
 Through regions Christly with the sacred past,—
 Ye Powers beholding and ye Peoples sad,
 The day-star rises! Rise ye and be glad!

But how shall empires urge their boastful suit
 In Freedom's name, who yet *themselves* are bound?
 And in grave council cry, with empty sound,
 "Sweet Liberty!" *their* yet untasted fruit?
 Or how the Christ of Heaven's free grace defend,
 If Christ to them on priestly grace depend?

What then are names, *called* Christ's or Mussulman?
 Of *names alone* let zealot souls beware;—
 'Neath such a cloak what will not fiends dare?
 'Twere better so be only loved *as man*.
 But let kings heed the earth's enslavèd sons,
 Or read their judgment in a nation's groans.

Our lordly Lion with this honor crowned,
 From North to South, from West to East shall roam,
 Deliverer abroad, and safe at home,—
 And Freedom's King *wherever* slave is found.—
 More regal thence on Fame's sublimest seat
 Than having proud Euphrates at his feet.

O God of mercy! and O Prince of Peace!—
 Beholding all things as Thy will shall be,

Whose are all kingdoms and Whose power makes free—
 Walk on earth's waves of strife and bid now cease
 In the calm breath of Heaven their murderous glee :
 Shield Thou the oppress'd—and smitten, Lord, by Thee
 The shadow curs'd from Thy dear Cross shall flee.

How blest from all the broils of empire free
 Poor Laplander art thou !—an ermined prince
 Of icebergs, snows and lakes, and reckless whence
 Come wars or rumours,—by th' ungenial sea,
 Secure from men and happy with thy deer,
 Ruling the blithe season of thy arctic year.

But all, how wise ! in patriot passion strong
 Laud their own land as all themselves love first,
 Else how should bounds be made that may not burst
 With every impulse, and all rights go wrong ;—
 This be the prayer of patriotic pride—
 Bless my own country, God,—and all beside.

My country ! Oh my country ! sacred name,
 So loved and honor'd !—how shall words presume
 To speak the heart of nations,—or the home
 Of ancient glory feeble verse proclaim ?
 England ! enough to say—thy mention flies
 O'er the whole earth, and ventures to the skies.—

Yet O, is England thus, and faultless found ?
 Great England good and her profession true—

Pure in her sacred courts—her follies few—
 And virtues blooming on her heavenly ground ?
 Is her light risen ? her millenium come ?
 O laugh, thou god of this dark world, laugh on.

And o'er the land of Ganges lift thine eye,
 Guilty Britannia, thine own golden land ;
 See by thy temples there—the Hindoo stand,
 His idol god adore and thine defy ;
 How hast thou taught him or alas how cared,
 What god with Christ thy children's worship shared ?

Wealth, glory, power have gone the land to spy,
 Aliens to mercy, what have these to do
 For souls, to bring celestial bliss in view ?
 Truth thwarts our interest is their clamorous cry,—
 And votaries thus, alas, to Mammon bend !
 Half Budhists and half Papists in the end.

Come to the councils of the skies and mourn,
 Fellows in sin but brethren in The Truth,
 Who light the lamp of prophecy forsooth
 At your own fancy, and God's purpose turn
 In innocence devout to suit your prayer ;—
 Has Heaven begun its golden reign e'en here ?

Proud Infidelity, with vaunting gait
 And silly sneer, so like all other fools,
 Has lured well half the land to his smart schools
 For wonderful development of apes ;

And in God's church, how bold the hybrid beast!
Bred from the world's fair harlot and . . . the priest!

Then is there sign so beautiful below
For hope to gaze on and for truth to hold,
A sign so glorious or a faith so bold,
That all this erring race their Lord shall know?
O, bid thy wandering brother hasten home,
But think not *all* shall fondly rise and come.

Exalted privilege and work most bless'd,
Most honorable and eternal joy,
To lift the dark mind up to light on high,
And lead the weary spirit to its rest;
But mourn, just Noahs, as in his dark day
So shall a world of sin be swept away.

Ah where the honors of your toilsome pride,
Unwitting aids of Rome's sagacious priests?
Who, all bedecked with sacraments and feasts,
Invest with heaven the host unsanctified:
Are these the white robes of celestial light?
Or have ye done no more than darken night?

Array your hosts of all-obeying souls,
Here in this garnished land of pomp and prayer,
Tell the full number who salvation share
By right of register on parish rolls,
Count them by thousands,—then let Heav'n declare
The few of so made saints recorded there.

A saint of God his honor takes direct,
 And lives and moves by power unseen below,
 And all of wisdom's depths 'twere wise to know
 Drinks from a fountain no foul streams' infect ;
 Not of the world, he dares from men divide—
 Their hopes not his, their pleasures, nor their pride.

He has believed in Jesus, mind and soul,—
 Himself believed, that for himself Christ died ;
 That now in Him alone, The Crucified,
 Is life, and in that life his own, his all :
 Not by his merit won, but freely given—
 His hope, his peace, his happiness, his Heaven.

O Times immortal ! if in that far day
 Of full-grown vision in the eternal light,
 Earth, then no more, rise to our spirits' sight,
 How shall this hour be read ? passing away
 Burden'd and strange and dark ; and who shall then
 Think how he lived to bless the life of men ?

Who lives, but he whose life death will not change ?
 His being here the same to higher raised ;
 As eagle on the Sun his eyes have gazed
 Beholding glory ; to him nothing strange
 Of light or holiness or Heaven ; he stay'd
 Here but in outer courts—in the same temple paid
 His worship, and dying, to the inner bliss is led.

Would that in all th' accustomed walks of life—
 Religion's travels and where pleasure strays,
 Where fame, full-wreathed, moves on in summer bays,
 And care and thought stalk forth from cruel strife—
 Were Truth, bright sun of life's endangered way!
 And guide of souls to Heav'n's exultant day!

Ah vainest prayer! Saith not the unbroken word,
 Deceivers shall be many and deceived?
 And prophets false, and withering earth bereaved
 Of truth and faith, ere advent of their Lord?
 He comes! see then the prophecy unfold,
 Men's faith and truth, alas, are bought and sold.

Say not ten thousand temples deck the land—
 With priests full ten times more of varying name,
 Leading well-fashioned millions in their train—
Therefore the world's millenium is at hand;
 Nor heed the signs that pride and art display,—
 These are not heralds of that glorious day.

Vain crowd of seeming worshippers and saints,
 Who pass through life in vehicles so fair,
 And buy the vestments of the good, to bear
 Religious honors that *the world* invents;
 Is there no truth shall sweep these shows away?
 No God in secret, and no judgment day?

And what our homes?—our loved, our English homes?
 Those honor'd courts for kindred worship given!

Are they assigned to virtue and to Heaven,
 And reared to bless a country's rising sons?
 Or o'er our smiling plains and sun-lit hills
 Is sin the cloud these sanctuaries fills?

The God-lit home—Ah sweet alluring sight!
 Has joy untasted by the heart unknown;
 In this rare miniature of Heav'n, a throne
 Is raised, the patriarch's blest right;
 And rich and pure in order all divine,
 Its mercies blossom and its virtues shine.

There nightly prayer and morning incense there
 Rise for each other, and the stranger too,
 That they may virtuous be, and still pursue
 The blessed path to some yet happier sphere;
 And leaving audience of their heavenly Lord,
 And loving much, rise to obey His word.

From such a power goes forth the righteous man
 In noble grace enduring fame to win;
 And hence the lovely maid, with heart serene,
 Steps out on life, held by an angel's hand:
 These are our wealth and these an empire bless;
 Earth were an Eden still could these possess.

O England, when shall such blest sons of light
 Thy homes, thy cities and thy temples fill?
 With joy thy valleys smile and every hill
 Rise a bright beacon from the world's dark night?

Ah when, Great Sun of heavenly glory, when
Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done by men ?

I pity from my soul the foolish man,
Who bends all purposes, all hope and thought
To gain of wealth, the gains of Heaven forgot ;
A man's true business is divine and grand,
And only less than angels : wherefore then
Be the mere craftsmen of unworthy gain ?

But for the nobler few of higher thought
Who yet with Commerce or with Science rise
Exultant to the portals of the skies,
Their well-loved offerings there devoutly brought,—
Report in heaven such credence would obtain
Of craft and danger in the haunts of gain,
Angels would hardly venture among men.

Who plays the vilest part the *law* permits,
And sins unlimited in all but *name*,
And speeds and prospers and acquires the fame
Of well-schooled worldling—he, poor idol, sits
In seat of gods—and in his lust-crowned age
Grows half devout—then busy to assuage
By mimicry of faith, the just Eternal's rage.

Lo! to his place how little wondering men
Look up and sigh, and beat their tortured breasts,
Afflict their lives and labour without rest
To serve his god, his mighty god of gain ;

That haply he, ere life and soul are gone,
Nod them some prize . . . to feast in hell upon!

Alas! that want should reason with the soul,
And urge so fair the mightiness of gold;
Alas! that in earth's family and fold
Should any hunger while the seasons roll;
Or hand so weak that may not pluck some fruit,
Or step too weary for the just pursuit.

How hard, full oft, to tempt the coy repose
Of sweet immunity from fretting care!
And feel secure God will not leave us here
To meet cold penury's distracting throes!
Tis hard, how many a weary heart will say,
To tread by want unhurt life's desert way.

Yet struggle still, nor e'er descend to try,
By anxious haste nor artifice, to win
The seeming competence where ease begins;
Though hard to trust—let but the hour go by,
And through this little while of time below,
The love of Heav'n shall teach thee well to know
Thy happier state by others' wants and woe.

But task most wearisome—most hopeless too,
From fears and mysteries of the world to turn,
To all the scenes through which all mortals run,
And write the record of these times below;—

And vain all words to sum the dangers up
Of Heaven's full ire and earth's o'er-flowing cup.

Wars and sad rumours—strongest hearts bow'd down
With fear and dark misgiving, and the thought
Of universal crisis ;—wisdom brought
But brought in vain to make Time's mystery known ;
Thronedoms unthroned and Kings with Kings per-
Sorrow grown weary and a world distressed. [plexed,

Swift is the rush of evil to its end,—
Nor golden science nor the powers of skill,
Nor charms of art shall keep the chariot still—
Onward careering—careering to the end;—
Then see,—The Judgment set, The Woe begin,
And souls fill up the great abyss of sin.

These then The Times, times dark and ominous—
And these the times that waiting hope makes bright ;
Night's deepened gloom, ere dawn of morning light—
That Morning's dawn so fair and luminous,—
Millenium of Earth and Day of Heaven,
The bright seventh day—the last to mortals given.

DEAD.

..... "Dead in trespasses and sins."—*Ephesians chap. 2, ver. 1.*
 "The bottomless pit." *Revelation chap. 20, ver. 1.*

Dead!—Dead!—Dead!—in sin!
 Born in it! Born in it!
 Over The Pit!—and falling in!
 Warned of it! Warned of it!
 Dead!—Dead!—Dead!

Life!—Life!—Life!—Where is 't?
 In Him!—The Mighty One!
 Died on The Cross! and finish'd it!
 F'r every one! Every one!
 Life!—Life!—Life!

O Jesu!—Hear! Hear!
 Merciful!—Merciful!
 Over The Pit!—Everywhere!
 Filling it! Full! Full!
 O, Jesu! Hear!













